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AN

EXTRACT

FROM

Dr. YOUNG'S

NIGHT-THOUGHTS

ON

Life, Death, and Immortality.



BRISTOL:

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To the R E A D E R.

1. **I**T is the observation of a late ingenious writer, “ What is usually called a correct taste, is very much offended with Dr. Young’s Night Thoughts. It is obvious, that the poetry sometimes sinks into *childish conceits*, or *prosaic flatness*; but oftner rises into the *turgid*, or *false sublime*: and that it is often *perplexed* and *obscure*.—Yet this work contains many strokes of the *most sublime poetry*,—and is full of those *pathetic strokes* of nature and passion, which touch the heart in the most tender and affecting manner. Besides—there are afflictions too deep to bear either reasoning or amusement: they may be soothed; but cannot be diverted. The gloom of the Night Thoughts perfectly corresponds with this state of mind. It indulges and flatters
the

the present passion, and at the same time presents those motives of consolation, which alone can render certain griefs supportable.

—We may here observe that secret and wonderful endearment, which nature has annexed to all our sympathetic feelings, whereby we enter into the deepest scenes of distress and sorrow, with a melting softness of heart, far more delightful than all the joys which dissipating and unthinking mirth can inspire."

2. My design in the following extract is, First, To *leave out* all the lines, which seem to me, either to contain *childish conceits*, to sink into *prosaic flatness*, to rise into the *turgid*, the *false sublime*, or to be incurably *obscure* to common readers: 2. To *explain* the words which are *obscure*, not in themselves, but only to unlearned readers: 3. To *point out*, especially to these, by a single or double mark, what appears to me to be the *sublimest strokes of poetry*, and the *most pathetic strokes of nature and passion*.

3. It

3. It may be objected by some, That I have left out *too much*, by others, that I have left out *too little*. I answer, 1. I have left out no more than I apprehended to be either childish, or flat, or turgid, or obscure: So obscure as not to be explained without more words, than suited with my design. 2. I have left in no more of what I conceived liable to any of these objections, than was necessary to preserve some tolerable connexion between the preceding and following lines.

4. Perhaps a more plausible objection will be, that the explanations are *too short*. But be pleased to observe, it was no part of my design, to explain any thing at large, but barely to put, as often as I could, a plain word for a hard one: And where one did not occur, to use two or three, or as few as possible.

5. But I am sensible, it may be objected farther, The word added to explain the other,

does not always express the meaning of it, at least not so exactly and fully as might be. I answer, 1. I allow this. But it was the best I could find, without spending more time upon it than I could afford. 2. Where the word added does not express the *common* meaning of the word, it often expresses the Doctor's *peculiar* meaning: Who frequently takes words in a very *uncommon*, not to say, *improper* sense. 3. I have made a little attempt, such as I could consistently with abundance of other employment. Let one that has more leisure and more abilities, supply what is here wanting.





Night the First.

TIR'D nature's sweet restorer, balmy *Sleep* !
He, like the world, his ready visit pays,
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsully'd with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake : How happy they who wake no more !
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous ; where my wreck'd, desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancy'd misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost ;
Tho' now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
A bitter change ; severer for severe :
The *day* too short for my distress ! and *night*
Ev'n in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
Is sun-shine, to the colour of my fate.

Night

* *Night, sable goddess! from her ebony throne,*
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world :
 Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
 Nor eye, nor list'ning ear an object finds;
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis, as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
 An awful pause, prophetic of her end.]
 And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
 Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence, and darkness! solemn sisters! twins
 From antient *night*, who nurse the tender thought
 To *reason*, and on reason build *resolve*,
 (That column of true majesty in man)
 Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
 The grave, your kingdom: *There* this frame shall fall
 A victim sacred to your dreary shrine:
 But what are ye? *Thou*, who didst put to flight
 Primeval *silence*, when the morning stars
 Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
 O *Thou*! whose word from solid *darkness* struck
 That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul,
 My soul which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure;
 As misers to their gold, while others rest.

* *Thro' this opaque of nature, and of soul,*
 This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
 To lighten, and to cheer: O lead my mind,
 (A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
 Lead it thro' various scenes of *life and death*,



NIGHT THE FIRST.

And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire :
 Nor less inspire my *conduct*, than my *song* ;
 Nor let the vial of thy vengeance pour'd
 On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

* THE Bell strikes one : We take no note of time,
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the *knell* of my departed hours ;
 Where are they ? with the years beyond the flood :
 It is the *signal* that demands dispatch ;
 How much is to be done ! my hopes and fears
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down — on what ? a fathomless abyss ;
 A dread eternity ! how surely *mine* !
 And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?]

* How poor ! how rich ! how abject ! how august !
 How complicate ! how wonderful is man !
 How passing wonder HE, who made him such !
 Who center'd in our make such strange extremes !
 From different natures, marvelously mixt,
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !
 Distinguisht *link* in being's endless chain !
 Midway from *nothing* to the *Deity* !
 A beam ethereal fully'd, and absorb'd !
 Tho' fully'd, and dishonour'd, still divine !
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !

Help.

Helpless immortal! insect infinite!

A worm! a god! I tremble at myself;
 And in myself am lost! at home a stranger;
 Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd, aghast;
 And wond'ring at her *own*: how reason reels! 80
 O what a miracle to man is man,
 Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
 What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.]

* 'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
 While o'er my limbs *sleep's* soft dominion spread,
 What, tho' my soul phantastic measures trod,
 O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom. 90
 Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
 Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
 Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
 Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
 Active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
 Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall:
 Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
 Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day: 100
 For human weal, heaven husbands all events,
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

** WHY then *their* loss deplore, that are not lost?
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,

NIGHT THE FIRST.

11

In infidel distress? are *angels* there?
 Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, etherial fire?
 They live! they greatly live a life on earth
 Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
 Of tenderness, let heavenly pity fall
 On me, more justly number'd with the dead: 110
This is the desert, *this* the solitude:
 How populous! how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
 The vale funereal, the sad *cypress* gloom;
 The land of apparitions, empty shades:
 All, all on earth is *shadow*, all beyond
 Is *substance*; the reverse is folly's *creed*;
 How solid all, where change shall be no more!]

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
 Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death, 120
 Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
 This gross impediment of clay remove,
 And make us embryos of existence free.
 From *real* life, but little more remote
 Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,
 The *future* embryo, slumbering in his fire.
 Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
 Yon ambient, azure shell, and spring to life,
 The life of Gods: O transport! and of man.

*Yet man, fool man! here burys all his thoughts; 130
 Interscelestial hopes without one sigh:
 Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
 Here pinions all his wishes: wing'd by heaven

To

To fly at infinite ; and reach it there,
 Where *seraphs* gather immortality,
 On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
 What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow,
 In *his* full beam, and ripen for the Just,
 Where momentary ages are no more !
 Where time and pain, and chance, and death expire ! 140
 And is it in the flight of threescore years,
 To push eternity from human thought,
 And smother souls immortal in the dust ?
 A soul immortal ; spending all her fires,
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
 Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
 At ought this scene can threaten or indulge,
 Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,
 To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.]

WHERE falls this censure ? It o'erwhelms myself. 150
 How was my heart entrusted by the world !
 O how self-fetter'd was my grovelling soul !
 How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
 In silken thought, which reptile *fancy* spun,
 Till darken'd *reason* lay quite clouded o'er
 With soft conceit of endless comfort *here*,
 Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies !

Our waking dreams are fatal : how I dreamt
 Of things impossible ! (could sleep do more ?) 160
 Of joys perpetual in perpetual change !
 Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave !
 Eternal sunshine in the storms of life !

How

How richly were my noon-tide trancis hung
 With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
 Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
 Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
 Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
 Starting I woke, and found myself undone!
 Where now my frenzy's pompous furniture?
 The cobweb'd cottage with its ragged wall
 Of mouldring mud, is royalty to me!
 The *spider's* thread is cable to man's tie
 On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

170

* O YE blest scenes of permanent delight!
 Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
 Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
 That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
 And quite unparadise the realms of light.
 Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres;
 The baleful influence of whose giddy dance,
 Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.]
 Here teems with revolutions every hour;
 And rarely for the better; or the best,
 More mortal than the common births of fate:
 Each moment has its sickle, emulous
 Of time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
 Strikes empires from the root; each moment plys
 His little weapon in the narrower sphere
 Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
 The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

180

190

B

Bliss!

* Bliss! sublunary bliss! proud words, and vain!
 Implicit treason to divine decree!
 A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!
 I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
 O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace,
 What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!
 Death! great proprietor of all! 'Tis thine
 To tread out empire, and to quench the stars:
 The sun himself by thy permission shines;
 And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
 Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
 Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?
 Why, thy peculiar rancor wreck'd on me?
 Infatiate archer! could not one suffice?
 Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain.
 And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn,
 O Cynthia! why so pale? dost thou lament
 Thy wretched neighbour? grieve, to see thy wheel
 Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?

In every vary'd posture, place, and hour,
 How widow'd every thought of every joy!
 Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace,
 Thro' the dark postern of time long elaps'd,
 Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
 Strays, wretched rover! o'er the pleasing *past*,
 In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;
 And finds all desert *now*; and meets the ghosts
 Of my departed joys, a numerous train!
 I rue the riches of my former fate;
 Sweet comfort's blasted clusters make me sigh.

I tremble

I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
 And every pleasure pains me to the heart.
 Yet why complain? or why complain for one!
 * I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot;
 In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd
 The mother's throes on all of woman born,
 Not more the children, than sure heirs of pain.

* WAR, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
 Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart
 Wrapt up in tripple brass, besiege mankind:
 God's image, disinherited of day,
 Here plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made;
 There beings, deathless as their haughty lord,
 Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
 And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair;
 Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
 In battle-lost away with half their limbs,
 Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour sav'd,
 If so the tyrant, or his minion doom:
 Want, and incurable disease (fell pair!)
 On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
 At once; and make a refuge of the grave:
 How groaning hospitals eject their dead!
 What numbers groan for sad admission there!
 What numbers once in fortune's lap high-fed,
 Solicit the cold hand of charity!
 To shock us more, solicit it in vain!

Not prudence can defend, or virtue save;
 Disease invades the chastest temperance;

And punishment the guiltless; and alarm
 Thro' thickest shades pursues the fond of peace:
 Man's caution often into danger turns,
 And his guard falling, crushes him to death:
 Not happiness itself makes good her name;
 Our very wishes give us not our wish;
 How distant oft the thing we doat on most,
 From that for which we doat, felicity!
 * The smoothest course of nature has its pains;
 And truest friends, thro' error, wound our rest; 260
 Without misfortune, what calamities!
 And what hostilities, without a foe!
 Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth:
 But endless is the list of human ills,
 And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

A PART how small of the terraqueous globe
 Is tenanted by man? the rest a waste,
 Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands;
 Wild haunts of monsters, prisons, stings, and death:
 Such is earth's melancholy map! but far
 More sad! this earth is a true map of man: 270
 So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
 To woe's wide empire; where deep troubles tofs;
 Loud sorrows howl; envenom'd passions bite;
 Ravenous calamities our vitals seize,
 And threat'ning fate wide opens to devour.

WHAT then am I, who sorrow for myself?
 In age, in infancy, from other's aid

Is all our hope ; to teach us to be kind.
 That, nature's first, last lesson to mankind : 280
 The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels ;
 More generous sorrow while it sinks, exalts,
 And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
 Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give
 Swoln thought a second channel ; who divide,
 They weaken too, the torrent of their grief :
 * Take then, O world ! thy much indebted tear :
 How sad a sight is human happiness
 To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour !
 O thou ! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults ! 290
 Would'st thou I should congratulate thy fate ?
 I know thou would'st ; thy pride demands it from me.
 Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
 The salutary censure of a friend :
 Thou happy wretch ! by blindness art thou blest ;
 By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles :
 Know, smiler ! at thy peril art thou pleas'd ;
 Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
 Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
 But rises in demand for her delay ; 300
 She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
 To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

LORENZO ! fortune makes her court to thee,
 Thy fond heart dances, while the syren sings.
 I would not damp, but to secure thy joys :
 Think not that fear is sacred to the storm ;
 Stand on thy guard against the smiles of fate.
 Is heaven tremendous in its frown ! most sure :

And in its favours formidable too ;
 Its favours here are trials, not rewards ; 310
 A call to duty, not discharge from care ;
 And should alarm us, full as much as woes ;
 O'er our scan'd conduct give a jealous eye ;
 Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
 Lest while we clasp, we kill them ; nay invert,
 To worse than simple misery, their charms : 280
 Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
 Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
 With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
 * Beware what earth calls happiness ; beware 320
 All joys, but joys that never can expire :
 Who builds on less than an immortal base
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

MINE died with thee, *Philander* ! thy last sigh
 Dissolv'd the charm ; the disenchanting earth
 Lost all her lustre ; where, her glittering towers ?
 Her golden mountains, where ? all darken'd down
 To naked waste ; a dreary vale of tears !
 The great magician's dead ! thou poor, pale piece
 Of out-cast earth, in darkness ! what a change 330
 From yesterday ! thy darling hope so near,
 (Long-labour'd prize !) death's subtle seed within
 (Sly, treacherous miner !) working in the dark,
 Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd
 The worm to riot on that rose so red,
 Unfaded ere it fell ; one moment's prey !

* THE present moment terminates our sight ;
 Clouds thick as those on doomsday, drown the next ;

We penetrate, we prophesy in vain,
 Time is dealt out by particles; and each, 340
 Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
 By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
 Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."

* By nature's law, what may be, may be now;
 There's no prerogative in human hours:
 In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
 Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
 Where is to-morrow? In another world.
 For numbers this is certain; the reverse
 Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*, 350
 This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
 As on a rock of adamant we build
 Our mountain hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
 And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Nor even *Philander* had bespoke his shroud;
 Nor had he cause, a warning was deny'd.
 How many fall as sudden, not as safe!
 As sudden, tho' for years admonish'd home.
 * Of human ills the last extreme beware,
 Beware, *Lorenzo*! a slow-sudden death. 360
 How dreadful that deliberate surprize!
 Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead!
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life;
Procrastination is the thief of time,
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 ** And to the mercies of a moment leaves

The vast concerns of an eternal scene.]
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
 That 'tis so frequent, *this* is stranger still. 370

* OF man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, "that all men are about to live."
 For ever on the brink of being born;
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They, one day, shall not drivel; and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise;
 At least, their own; their future selves applauds;
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
 Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails;
 That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign. 380

All promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that thro' every stage: when young, indeed,
 In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise:

* At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
 At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve*;
 In all the magnanimity of thought 390
 Resolves; and re-resolves: then dies the same.]

** AND why? because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,

Soon

Soon close; where past the shaft, no trace is found:
 As, from the wing no scar the sky retains;
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death: 400
 Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave;
 Can I forget *Philander*? that were strange;
 O my full heart! but should I give it vent,
 The longest night, tho' longer far, would fail,
 And the lark listen to my midnight song.

THE END OF THE FIRST NIGHT.



NOTES on NIGHT I.

- Line
- 9 *E*merging—Rising out of
- 16 Zenith—The height
- ib. Domain—Dominion
- 31 Column—Pillar; support
- 34 Drear—Dismal
- 36 Primeval—Original; of the first age
- 42 Opaque—Thick darkness
- 55 Knell—Passing-bell
- 64 August—Grand
- 72 Ethereal—Heavenly
- ib. Absorbed—Swallowed up
- 83 Alternately—By turns
- 92 Mantled—Gently moved to and fro
- 95 Devious—Irregular
- 101 Weal—Welfare
- 112 Vital—Full of life
- 122 Impediment—Hindrance
- 123 Embryos—Unborn children
- 134 Pinions—Fastens down
- 137 Ambrosial—Heavenly, delicious
- 154 A reptile—The allusion of a silk-worm is still carried on
- 161 Stable—Firm, steady
- 164 Gorgeous—Fine, splendid
- 174 Permanent—Lasting
- 180 Baleful—Hurtful; sad
- 181 Vicissitude—Changeableness
- 185 Emulous—Resembling

163 Enormous



NOTES ON NIGHT I.

23

Line

- 186 *Enormous*—Huge
- 189 *Domestic Comfort*—Comfort at home
- 190 *Sublunary*—Earthly
- 194 *Phantoms*—Appearances
- 206 *Filled her Horn*—Performed her course
- 213 *Postern*—Back-door
- 219 *Rue*—Grieve for
- 228 *Pest*—Plague
- ibid.* *Volcano*—A burning mountain
- 229 *Intestine*—Within ourselves
- 240 *Fell*—Dreadful
- 262 *Hostilities*—Acts of enmity
- 266 *Terraqueous Globe*—The Earth
- 283 *Conscious Virtue*—That of which we are conscious
- ibid.* *Mitigates*—Softens, eases
- 304 The *Syrens* used to sing men to sleep, and then de-
 vour them.
- 308 *Tremendous*,—Dreadful
- 313 *Scan'd*—Examined
- 322 *Base*—Foundation
- 337 *Terminates*—Bounds
- 342 *Inviolable*—That cannot be broken
- 345 *Prerogative*—One hour has no privilege above
 another
- 352 *Adamant*—A diamond
- 358 *Admonished home*—Warned of going into eternity
- 365 *Procrastination*—Putting off from day to day
- 372 *This bears the palm*—This is the chief
- 379 *Is folly's vails*—Is given to folly
- 381 *Dilatory*—Putting off from time to time
- 390 *Magnanimity*—Greatness of thought.

Night the Second.

“ * **W**HEN the cock crew, he wept,”—smote by
that eye,

Which looks on me, on all : that Power, who bids
This midnight centinel with clarion shrill,
Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,
Rouze souls from slumber, into thoughts of heaven.]

Shall I too weep ? where then is fortitude ?

And fortitude abandon'd, where is man ?

I know the terms on which he fees the light ;

He that is born, is list'd : life is war ;

Eternal war with woe—On *other* themes

10

I now will dwell : What themes ? *Times wondrous price,*
Death, friendship, and Philander's final scene.

Themes meet for man ! and meet at ev'ry hour,

But most at this, at midnight ever clad

In death's own fables ; silent as his realms ;

And prone to weep ; profuse of dewy tears

O'er nature, in her temporary tomb.

He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.

Where is that thrift, that avarice of TIME,

(Blest av'rice !) which the thought of death inspires. 20

O time !

* O time! than gold more sacred; more a load
 Than lead, to fools; and fools reputed wise.
 What moment granted man without account?
 What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid?
 Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
 Insidious death, should his strong hand arrest,
 No composition sets the prisoner free,
 Eternity's inexorable chain
 East binds; and vengeance claims the full arrears.

How late I shudder'd on the brink! how late 30
 Life call'd for her last refuge in despair!
 For what calls thy disease? for moral aid.
 Thou think'st it folly to be wise to soon.
 Youth is not rich in time; it may be, poor:
 Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
 No moment, but in purchase of its worth:
 And what its worth, ask death-beds, they can tell.
 Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
 With holy hope of nobler time to come. 40

* Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain?
 And sport we like the natives of the bough,
 When venal funs inspire? Amusement reigns
 Man's great demand: to trifle is to live:
 And is it then a trifle, too, to die?—
 Who wants amusement in the flame of battle?
 Is it not treason to the soul immortal,
 Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
 Will toys amuse, when medicines cannot cure?

When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
 Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight
 (Aland's) and cities with their glittering spires
 To the poor shatter'd bark; by sudden storm
 Thrown off the sea, and soon to perish there)
 Will toys amuse?—no: thrones will then be toys,
 And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

* REDEEM we time?—its loss we dearly buy:
 What pleads *Lorenzo* for his high-priz'd sports?
 He plead's time's numerous blanks; he loudly pleads
 The straw-like trifles on life's common stream.
 From whom those blanks and trifles, but from thee?
 No blank no trifle nature made or meant;
 Virtue, or purpos'd virtue still be thine;
 This cancels thy complaint at once; this leaves
 In act no trifle, and no blank in time.
 This greatens, fills, immortalizes all:
 This, the blest art of turning all to gold;
 This, the good heart's prerogative to raise
 A royal tribute, from the poorest shores
 Immense revenue! every moment pays
 If nothing more than purpose in thy power,
 Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,
 Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
 Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint;
 'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer;
 * Guard well thy thoughts; our thoughts are heard

How heavily we drag the load of life!
 Blest leisure is our curse, like that of Cain

NIGHT THE SECOND.

26

27

* On all-important time, thro' every age,
Tho' much, and warm, the wife have urg'd;
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
* "I've lost a Day" — The prince who nobly cry'd
Had been an emperor without his crown;
He spoke, as if deputed by mankind
So should all speak : so reason speaks in all :

From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly so folly, why to frenzy fly.
For rescue from the blessing we possess?
Time, the supreme! — Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give,
Pregnant with all that makes arch-angels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A pow'r ethereal, only not ador'd.

* Ah ! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports;
We censure nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the ling'ring moments into speed;
And whirl us, (happy riddance) from ourselves
Art, brainless art ! our furious charioteer
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;
Death, most our dread ; death thus more dreadful made.
O what a riddle of absurdity !
Leisure is pain ; take off our chariot-wheels :
How heavily we drag the load of life !
Blest leisure is our curse, like that of Cain

It makes us wander, wander earth around;
 To fly that tyrant thought. As *Attar* groan'd
 The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
 We cry for mercy to the next amusement;
 Yet when death kindly tenders us relief,
 We call him cruel; years to moments shrink.
 ** Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
 And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
 Behold him, when past by, what then is seen
 But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
 And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
 Rifeul, aghast! cry out at his career:

LEAVE to thy foes these errors, and these ill
 To nature just, their cause and cure;
 No niggard, nature; men are prodigal.
 We throw away our suns, as made for sport;
 * We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live;
 And barely breathing, man, to live ordain'd
 Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.
 And why? since time was given for use, not waste,
 Enjoy'd to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars,
 To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man.
 Time's use was doom'd a pleasure; waste, a pain;
 That man might feel his error, if unscann'd;
 And feeling, fly to labour for his cure.
 Life's cares are comforts; such by heav'n design'd;
 He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
 Cares are employments; and without employ
 The soul is on a rack, the rack of rest;
 To souls most adverse; when all their joy

HERE, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
 Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
 We rave, we wrestle with great nature's plan;
 We thwart the deity; and 'tis decreed,
 Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
 Hence our unnatural quarrel with ourselves;
 Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broil.
 We push time from us, and we wish him back;
 Life we think long, and short; death seek, and shun.
 Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
 How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
 Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;
 * The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd,

150

And smiles an angel; or a fury frowns.]
 Nor death, nor life delight us. If time past,
 And time possess, both pain us, what can please?
 That which the deity to please ordain'd,
 Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours
 By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death:
 He walks with nature; and her paths are peace.

OUR error's cause, and cure, are seen: see next
 Time's nature, origin, importance, speed;
 And thy great gain from urging his career.—
 He looks on time, as nothing: Nothing else
 Is truly man's: what wonders can he do?
 And will: to stand blank neuter he disdains.
 Not on those terms was time (heaven's stranger!) sent
 On his important embassy to man.
 When the dread fire, on emanation bent
 And big with nature, arising in his might,

Call'd forth creation (for then time was born) new ed I
 By godhead streaming thro' a thousand worlds: uncess
 Not on those terms, from the great days of heaven, avo
 From old eternity's mysterious orb, on bas ador bnA
 Was time cut off, and cast beneath the skies; w ay O
 The skies, which watch him in his new abode, olu A
 Measuring his motions by revolving spheres: illw wof
 Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play
 Like numerous wings, around him, as he flies: m phm
 Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they shape
 His ample pinions, swift as darted flame, nphsct O
 To gain his goal, to reach his antient rest, bnA
 And join anew eternity his fire; bnA
 When worlds, that count his circles now, unhing'd nO
 (Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush: yst dT
 To timeless night, and chaos, whence they rose: bnA
 Why spur the speedy? why with levities dory ent to
 New-wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight? bnA
 * Man flies from time, and time from man: too soon U
 In sad divorce, this double flight must end; m edues ul
 And then, where are we, where *Lirenta* when, bnA
 Thy sports? thy pomp?—I grant thee, in a state vn
 Not unambitious; in the ruffled shroud, m phsct bnA
 Thy Parian tomb's triumphant arch beneath. nO
 * Has death his sopperies? then well may life
 Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.

* YE well-array'd! ye lilies of our land!
 Ye lilies male! who neither toil, nor spin,
 Ye delicate! who nothing can support,
 Yourselves most insupportable! for whom

The winter rose must blow, and silky soft
Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;
 And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,
 And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
 O ye who deem one moment unamus'd,
 A misery, say, dreamers of gay dreams!
 How will you weather an eternal night,
 * Where such expedients fail? where wit's a fool,
 Mirth mourns; dreams vanish; laughter sinks in tears.

O treacherous conscience! while she seems to sleep,
 On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song;
 While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
 On headlong appetite, the slackened reign,
 The sly informer minutes every fault,
 And her dread diary with horror fills:
 Not the gross act alone employs her pen:
 She dawning purposes of heart explores,
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,
 Writes our whole history; which death shall read
 In every pale delinquent's private ear;
 And judgment publish: publish to more worlds
 Than this: and endless age in groans resound.
 And think'st thou still thou canst be wise too soon?

TIME flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
 Hell threatens; all exerts; in effort, all;
 More than creation labours!—Labours more?
 * And is there in creation, what, amidst
 This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
 And ardent energy, supinely yawns?—

Man sleeps; and man alone; and man, whose fate,
 Fate irrevocable, entire, extreme,
 Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulph
 A moment trembles; drops! man, the sole cause
 Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
 As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw years away?
 Throw empires, and be blameless! moments seize;
 Heaven's on their wing: a moment we may with
 When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid day stand still;
 Bid him drive back his carr, recall, retake
 Fate's hasty prey; implore him, re-import
 The period past; re-give the given hour!
 Lorenzo—O for yesterday to come!

Such is the language of the man awake;
 And is his ardour vain? Lorenzo! no!
 * To-day is yesterday return'd; return'd

Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
 And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
 Let it not share its predecessor's fate;
 Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.
 Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
 More wretched for the clemencies of heaven?

Where shall I find him? angels tell me where
 You know him; he is near you: point him out;
 Shall I see glorious beaming from his brow?
 Or trace his footsteps by the rising flow'rs?
 Your golden wings, now hovering o'er him shed
 Protection; now, are waving in applause
 To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!

That awful independent on To-morrow !
 Whose work is done ; who triumphs in the past ;
 Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile ;
 Nor, like the *Parthian*, wound him as they fly, 268
 If not by guilt, they wound us by their flight,
 If folly bounds our prospect by the grave ;
 All feeling of futurity benumb'd ;
 All relish of realities expir'd ;
 Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies ;
 Embruted every faculty divine ;
 Heart-buried in the rubbish of the world ;
 The world, that gulph of souls, immortal souls,
 Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
 To reach the distant skies, and triumph there 270
 On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters chang'd
 Tho' we from earth ; ethereal, they that fell
 Such veneration due, O man, to man.

Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
 For what, gay friend ! is this escutcheon'd world,
 Which hangs out DEATH is one eternal night ?
 A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
 And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.
 * * Life's little stage is a small eminence,
 In high the grave above ; that home of man, 280
 Where dwells the multitude : we gaze around,
 We read their monuments ; we sigh, and while
 We sigh, we sink ; and are what we deplor'd ;
 Lamenting, or lamented all our lot !
 Is death at distance ? no : he has been on thee ;

And given sure earnest of his final blow.

* Those hours, which lately murr'd, where are they now?
 Pallid to thought, and ghastly: drown'd, all drown'd
 In that great deep, which nothing disembogues;

And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
 The rest are on the wing: how fleet their flight!

Already has the fatal train took fire;

A moment, and the world's blown up to thee;

The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

* 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;

And ask them, what report they bore to heaven;

And how they might have born more welcome news.

Their answers form what men experience call,

If wisdom's friend, her best: if not, worst lot.

O reconcile them: kind experience cries,

" There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;

" The more our joy, the more we know it vain;

" And by success are tutor'd to despair.

Nor is it only thus, but must be so,

Who knows not this, tho' grey, is still a child.

* Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,

Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

Since by life's passing breath, blown up from earth,

Light as the summer's dust, we take in air

A moment's giddy flight: and fall again;

Join the dull mals, increase the trodden soil,

And sleep till earth herself shall be no more.

Since then (as emmits their small world o'erthrown)

We, fore-amaz'd, from out earth's ruins scath'wound

W

And

And rise to fate extreme, of soul sustaining, and never bnd
 As man's own choice, controuler of his fate, bnd
 As man's despotic will, this hour, decrees, bnd
 Should not each warning give a strong alarm, bnd
 Warning, far less than that of bosom torn, bnd
 From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead, bnd
 Should not each dial strike us as we pass, bnd
 Portentous, as the written wall, which track, bnd
 O'er midnight howls, the proud Affrian pale, bnd
 Like that, the dial speaks; and points to thee;
 "O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
 "And while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."
 Know, like the Median, fate is in thy wall.
 Man's make includes the sure seeds of death;
 Life feeds the murderer: ingrate! he thrives
 On her own meal; and then his nurse devours.

* THAT solar shadow, as it measures life;
 It life resembles too; life speeds away
 From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still:
 The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth;
 Too subtle is the movement to be seen,
 Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
 Warnings point out our danger, Gnomons, time;
 As these are useless when the sun is set,
 So those, but when more glorious reason shines,
 Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye,
 That sedentary shadow travels hard:
 ** But all mankind mistake their time of day;
 Even (specie self) fresh hopes are hourly low,
 In frown'd brows. So gentle life's descent,

We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain :
 We take fair days in winter, for the spring :
 We turn our blessings into bane ; since oft
 Man must compute that age he cannot feel :
 He scarce believes he's older for his years.
 Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
 One disappointment sure, to crown the rest ; 350
 The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

ON this, or similar, *Philander* ! thou,
 Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue ;
 And strong to wield all science, worth the name :
 * How often we talk'd down the summer's sun,
 And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream ?
 How often thaw'd, and short'ned winter's eve,
 By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth,
 Best found, so sought ; to the recluse more coy ?
 Thoughts disentangle passing o'er the lip ; 360
 Clean runs the thread ; if not, 'tis thrown away,
 Or kept, to tie up nonsense for a song ;
 Song, fashionably fruitless ; such as stains
 The fancy, and unhallow'd passion fires ;
 Chiming her saints to *Cythera's* fane.

KNOW'ST thou *Lorenzo* ! what a friend contains ?
 As bees mixt nectar draw from fragrant flow'rs,
 So men from FRIENDSHIP, wisdom and delight.
 Had thought been all, sweet speech had been deny'd :
 Speech, thought's canal ! speech, thought's criterion
 100. 370
 Thought, in the mine, may come forth gold or dross,
 When

When coin'd in word, we know its real worth.
 Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possess'd;
 Teaching, we learn; and giving, we retain
 The births of intellect: when dumb, forgot.
 Speech burnishes our mental magazine;
 Brightens for ornament; and whets for use:
 'Tis thought's exchange, which like th'alternate push
 Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
 And defecates the students standing pool. 380
 'Tis converse qualifies for solitude;
 As exercise for salutary rest,
 By that untutor'd, contemplation raves
 A lunar prince; or famish'd beggar dies;
 And nature's fool, by wisdom's is outdone.

WISDOM, tho' richer than *Peruvian* mines,
 And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
 What is she, but the means of happiness?
 That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool.
 Friendship the means, and friendship richly gives 390
 The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
 Nature in zeal for human amity,
 Denies, or damps an undivided joy:
 Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
 Rich fruit! heaven-planted! never pluck'd by one.
 Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
 To social man true relish of himself.
 Celestial happiness, whene'er she stoops
 To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
 And one alone, to make her sweet amends 400
 For absent heaven,—the bosom of a friend;

Where

Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
 Each other's pillow to repose divine.
 Beware the counterfeit; in passion's flame
 Hearts melt; but melt like ice, soon harder froze,
 True love strikes root in reason; passion's foe:
 Virtue alone entenders us for ever,
 Of friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
 Is virtue kindling at a rival fire,
 And, emulously, rapid in her race, 410
 This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
 And gives the rivet of eternity.

But for whom blossoms this *elysian* flower?
 Tho' choice of follies fasten on the great,
 None clings more obstinate, than fancy fond
 That sacred friendship is their easy prey;
 Caught by the wasture of a golden lure;
 Or fascination of a high-born smile.
 Can gold gain friendship? impudence of hope!
 As well meer man an angel might beget. 420
 Love, and love only, is the loan for love.
 Delusive pride repress; nor hope to find
 A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
 All like the purchase, few the price will pay;
 And this makes friends such miracles below.

I shew thee friendship delicate, as dear;
 Of tender violations apt to die!
 Reserve will wound it; and distrust destroy.
 Deliberate on all things with thy friend;
 But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough, 430
 First,

First, on thy friend, deliberate with thyself:
Judge before friendship; then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for thee.
A friend is worth all hazards we can run:
“ Poor is the friendless master of a world:
“ A world in purchase for a friend is gain.”

So sung *Philander*, O! the cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,
For twenty summers ripening by my side;
All feculence of falshood long thrown down; 440
All social virtues rising in his soul;
As crystal clear; and smiling, as they rise!
On earth how lost! *Philander* is no more.
How blessings brighten as they take their flight,
His flight *Philander* took; it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
Strange! the theme most affecting, most sublime,
Momentous most to man, shou'd sleep unsung;
Man's highest triumph! man's profoundest fall! 450
The death-bed of the just! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand; it merits a divine:
Angels should paint it, angels ever there;
There, on a post of honour, and of joy.

THE chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane! or else draw near with awe,
For, here, resistless demonstration dwells;

Here tir'd dissimulation drops her masque, 460
 Here real, and apparent, are the same.
 You see the man ; you see his hold on heaven :
 Heaven waits not the last moment, owns its friends
 On this side death ; and points them out to men ;
 A lecture, silent, but of sovereign pow'r,
 To vice, confusion ; and to virtue, peace !

WHATEVER farce the boastful hero plays, 470
 Virtue alone has majesty in death ;
 And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
Philander ! he severely frown'd on thee,
 " No warning given ! unceremonious fate !
 " A sudden rush from life's meridian joys !
 " A restless bed of pain ! a plunge opaque
 " Beyond conjecture ! feeble nature's dread !
 " Strong reason's shudder at the dark unknown !
 " A sun extinguish'd ! a just opening grave !
 " And oh ! the last, last ; what ? (can words express ?
 " Thought reach ?) the last, last—silence of a friend !"

THRO' nature's wreck, thro' vanquish'd agonies, 480
 Like the stars struggling thro' this midnight gloom,
 What gleams of joy ! what more than human peace !
 Where the frail mortal ? the poor abject worm ?
 No, not in death, the mortal to be found.
 His comforters he comforts ; great in ruin,
 With unreluctant grandeur, gives, not yields
 His soul sublime ; and closes with his fate.
 How our hearts burnt within us at the scene ! 490
 Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixt to man ?

His

His God sustains him in his final hour ! 499
 His final hour brings glory to his God ?
 Man's glory heaven vouchsafes to call its own.
 Amazement strikes ! devotion bursts to flame !
 Christians adore ! and infidels believe.
 At that black hour, which general horror sheds
 On the low level of th' inglorious throng,
 Sweet peace, and heavenly hope, and humble joy,
 Divinely beam on his exalted soul ;
 Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies.
 Life, take thy chance ; but oh for such an end ! 500

THE END OF THE SECOND NIGHT.



NOTES on NIGHT II.

Line

- 3 *Clarion*—Trumpet
 6 *Fortitude*—Courage
 10 *Themes*—Subjects
 17 *Temporary*—Lasting but for a time
 27 *Infidious*—Lying in wait
 29 *Inexorable*—That cannot be moved
 39 *Reluctant*—Unwilling
 43 *Vernal Suns*—Sun-shining days in the spring
 90 *Pregnant*—Full of
 109 *Atlas*—Is a chain of mountains in *Afric*, supposed
 to bear up the skies
 110 *Explore*—Search out
 171 *Orb*—Circle
 174 *Revolving Spheres*—Stars rolling round
 183 *Chaos*—The deep, without form and void
 185 *Rapid*—Swift
 191 *Parian*—Marble
 199 *Favonius*—The west-wind
 211 *Minutes*—Sets down
 212 *Diary*—An account of every day
 218 *Delinquent*—Sinner
 227 *Ardent*—Earnest, violent
ibid. *Energy*—Powerful working
ibid. *Supinely*—Carelessly
 249 *Irreversible*—That cannot be recalled

Line

- 249 *Clemencies*—Mercies
 260 The *Parthians*—used to shoot backward at their pursuers
 266 *Embruted*—Turned into brutal
 269 *Elevate*—Raised above all things else
 275 *Escutcheond*—As it were hung round with scutcheons, tokens of death
 289 *Disembogues*—Throws out again
 317 *Despotic*—Sovereign
 322 *Portentous*—Ominous, foreboding evil
 323 The *Affyrian*—*Belshazzar* : *Dan. v. 5.*
 331 That solar shadow—That shadow on the sun-dial
 337 A *Gnomon* is the hand of a dial
 340 *Sedentary*—Which seems not to move
 352 *Similar*—Like
 353 *Conflict*—Dispute
ibid. *Latent*—Hidden
 359 *Recluse*—One that lives by himself
 367 *Mixt Nectar*—A delicious mixture
 370 *Criterion*—Test, touchstone
 380 *Defecates*—Clears from mud
 382 *Salutary*—Wholesome
 384 *Lunar*—Imaginary
 386 *Peruvian mines*—Gold-mines
 392 *Amity*—Friendship
 396 *Auxiliars*—Helpers
 397 The social man—The man joined with others
 399 *Shrine*—Temple
 410 *Emulously*—Vying with each other
 413 *Elyfian*—Heavenly
 418 *Fascination*—Witchcraft

44 NOTES ON NIGHT II. Line

421 *The loan*—The thing given in exchange

436 *In purchase for*—Given to purchase

440 *Feculence*—Dregs

472 *Meridian*—Highest

480 *Vanquish'd*—Conquered





Night the Fourth.

The CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

HOW deep implanted in the breast of man
The dread of death ! I sing its sov'reign cure :

WHY start at death ? where is he ? death arriv'd,
Is past : not come, or gone, he's never here.
Ere hope, sensation fails ; black-boding man
Receives, not suffers death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave ;
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm ;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead, 10
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
Man makes a death, which nature never made ;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls ;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.

BUT was death frightful, what has age to fear ?
If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,
And shelter in his hospitable gloom.
I scarce can meet a monument but holds
My younger ; every date cries — " Come away." 20
And what recalls me ? look the world around,

And

And tell me what : the wisest cannot tell.
 Should any born of woman give his thought
 Full range, on just dislike's unbounded field ;
 Of things, the vanity ; of men, the flaws ;
 Flaws in the best ; the many, flaw all o'er,
 As Leopards spotted, or as Æthiops, dark ;
 Vivacious ill ; good dying immature ;
 And at its death bequeathing endless pain ;
 His heart, tho' bold, would sicken at the sight,
 And spend itself in sighs, for future scenes.

30

BUT grant to life some perquisites of joy ;
 A time there is, when like a thrice-told tale,
 Long rifled life of sweet can yield no more,
 But from our comment on the comedy,
 Pleasing reflections on parts well-sustain'd,
 Or purpos'd emendations where we fail'd,
 Or hopes of plaudits from our candid judge,
 When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
 And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.

WITH me, that time is come ; my world is dead ; 40
 A new world rises, and new manners reign :
 What a pert race starts up ! the strangers gaze,
 And I at them ; my neighbour is unknown.

* BLEST be that hand divine, which gently laid
 My heart at rest beneath this humble shed.
 The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
 With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril ;
 Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,

I hear

I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
 As that of seas remote, or dying storms; 50
 And meditate on scenes, more silent still;
 Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
 **Here, like a shepherd, gazing from his hut,
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
 Eager ambition's fiery chace I see;
 I see the circling hunt of noisy men
 Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
 Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;
 As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles;
 Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all. 60

WHY all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
 What, tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
 Earth's highest station ends in "here he lies,"
 And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
 If this song lives, posterity shall know
 One, tho' in *Britain* born, with courtiers bred,
 Who thought even gold might come a day too late;
 Nor on his subtle death-bed plan'd his scheme
 For future vacancies in church, or state;
 Some avocation deeming it—to die; 70
 Unbit by rage canine of dying rich;
 Guilt's blunder! and the loudest laugh of hell.

* O MY coevals! remnants of yourselves!
 Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!
 Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
 Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
 Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil?

Shall

48. NIGHT THE FOURTH.

Shall our pale, wither'd hands be still stretch'd out,
Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age?
With avarice; and convulsions grasping hard?
Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?
Man wants but little; nor that little, long;
How soon must he resign his very dust;
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour?
Years unexperienc'd rush on numerous ills;
And soon as man, expert from time, has found
The key of life, it opes the gates of death.

WHEN in this vale of years I backward look,
And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
I still survive; and am I fond of life,
Who scarce can think it possible, I live?
Alive by miracle! if still alive,
Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
*Life's lee is not more shallow, than impure,
And vapid; sense, and reason, show the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

** O THOU great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial sun!
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,

To drink the spirit of the golden day,
 And triumph in existence; and couldst know
 No motive, but my bliss; with *Abraham's* joy,
 Thy call I follow to the land unknown; 110
 I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust;
 Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs,
 All weight in this—O let me live to thee!

Tho' nature's terrors, thus, may be repress;
 Still frowns grim death; guilt points the tyrant's spear.
 Who can appease its anguish? how it burns?
 What hand the barb'd, envenom'd, thought can draw?
 What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
 And turn my fight undaunted on the tomb?

With joy,—with grief, that healing hand I see; 120
 Ah! too conspicuous! it is fix'd on high!
 On high?—What means my frenzy? I blaspheme;
 Alas! how low! how far beneath the skies!
 The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for me—
 But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it *bleeds*:
 Draw the dire steel—ah no!—the dreadful blessing
 What heart or can sustain? or dares forego?
 There hangs all human hope: that nail supports
 Our falling universe: that gone, we drop;
 Horror receives us, and the dismal wish 130
 Creation had been smother'd in her birth.
 * Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust,
 When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne!
 In heaven itself can such indulgence dwell?
 O what a groan was there? A groan not his,
 He seiz'd our dreadful right, the load sustain'd;

And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.

A thousand worlds to bought, were bought too dear.

Sensations new in angels' bosoms rise!

Suspend their song; and silence is in heaven.

O FOR their song to reach my lofty theme!

Inspire me, night, with all thy tuneful spheres!

Much rather, Thou! who dost those spheres inspire,

Left I blaspheme my subject with my song.

THOU most indulgent, most tremendous, power!

Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous love!

That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;

And foul transgression dips in sevenfold night,

How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!

In love immense, inviolably just!

O'ER guilt, (how mountainous!) with outstretch'd

Stern justice, and soft-smiling love, embraces

Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne

When seem'd its majesty to need support,

Or that, or man inevitably lost.

What, but the fathomless of thought divine

Cou'd labour such expedient from despair,

And rescue both? Both rescue! both exalt!

O how are both exalted by the deed!

A wonder in omnipotence itself!

A mystery, no less to Gods than men!

Not, thus, our infidels th' Eternal draw,

A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,

Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays compleat:

They

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

51

They set at odds heaven's jarring attributes;
And, with one excellence another wound;
Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid mercy triumph over—God himself,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise;
A God all-mercy, is a God unjust.

176

Ye brainless wits, ye baptiz'd infidels,
The ransom was paid down; the fund of heaven,
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: tho' curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum:
Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds create,
For ever hides, and glows in the supreme.

AND was the ransom paid? it was: and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for you.

The sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot; midnight veil'd his face;
Not such as this; not such as nature makes;
A midnight, nature shudder'd to behold;
A midnight new! from her creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy maker's pain? or start
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his cross
Made groan the center; burst earth's marble womb,
With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead:
Hell howl'd; and heav'n, that hour, let fall a tear;
Heav'n wept, that man might smile! heaven bled, that
Might never die!

180

190

man

WHAT

WHAT heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these?

Such contemplations mount us; and should mount
The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd—where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? How my soul is caught!
Heav'n's sovereign blessings clust'ring from the cross,
Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
The prisoner of amaze!—In his blest life,
I see the path, and in his death, the price,
And in his great ascent the proof supreme
Of immortality.—And did he rise?

Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the king of glory to come in!
Who is the king of glory? he who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death!
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the king of glory to come in!
Who is the king of glory? he who slew
The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race!
The king of glory, he, whose glory fill'd
Heaven with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illumin'd wilder'd in the theme.

THE theme, the joy, how then shall man sustain?
Oh the burst gates! crush'd sling! demolish'd throne!
Last gasp! of vanquish'd death. Shout earth and hea-
ven,

This is our redemption! and pardon

This sum of goods to man : Whose nature, then, ^{AW}
 Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb !
 Then, then, I rose, then first Humanity
 Triumphant pass the crystal ports of light,
 And seiz'd eternal youth. Mortality
 Was then transfer'd to death ; and heaven's duration
 Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
 This child of dust.—Man, all-immortal ! hail ;
 Hail, heaven ! all-lavish of strange gifts to man !
 Thine all the glory ; man's the boundless bliss. 230

WHERE am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
 On christian joy's exulting wing, above
 Th' *Amian* mount ?—Alas small cause for joy !
 What if to pain, immortal ? if extent
 Of being, to preclude a close of woe ?
 Where, then, my boast of immortality ?
 I boast it still, tho' cover'd o'er with guilt ;
 For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd.
 'Tis guilt alone can justify his death ;
 Nor that, unless his death can justify 240
 Relenting guilt in heaven's indulgent sight.
 If sick of folly, I relent ; he writes
 My name in heaven, with that inverted spear
 (A spear deep-dipt in blood !) which pierc'd his side,
 And open'd there a font for all mankind.
 Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live :
 This, only this subdues the fear of death.

And what is this ?—Survey the wondrous cure !
 And at each step, lethigher wonder rise !

" Pardon for infinite offence ! and pardon

250

" Thro'

"Thro' means that speak its value infinite !
 " A pardon bought with blood ! with blood divine !
 " With blood divine of him I made my foe !
 " Persisted to provoke ! the 'woo'd, and awe'd,
 " Blest, and chastiz'd, a flagrant rebel still !
 " A rebel 'midst the thunders of his throne !
 " Nor I alone ! a rebel universe !
 " My species up in arms ! not one exempt !
 " Yet for the foulest of the foul he dies !

Bound every heart ! and every bosom burn !
 Oh what a scale of miracles is here !
 Its lowest round, high-planted on the skies !
 Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought
 Of man, or angel : Oh that I could climb
 The wonderful ascent, with equal praise !
 Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heaven
 More fragrant, than *Arabia* sacrifice ;
 And all her spicy mountains, in a flame,

From courts, and thrones return, apostate praise !
 Thou prostitute ! to thy first love return,
 Thy first, thy greatest, once, unrivall'd theme.
 Back to thy fountain ; to that parent power,
 Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,
 The soul to be, Men homage pay to men,
 Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow,
 In mutual awe profound of clay to clay,
 Of guilt to guilt, and turn their backs on thee
 Great fire ! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing,
 Oh the presumption, of man's awe for man !
 Man's author ! end ! reformer ! law ! and judge !

Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of night;
 With all her wealthy, with all her radiant worlds: A
 What night eternal, but a frown from thee? W
 What, heaven's meridian glory, but thy smile? F
 And shall not praise be thine? not human praise, B
 While heaven's high host on *Hallelujahs* live? A

Oh may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
 My soul in praise to him, who gaye my soul, Y
 And all her infinite of prospect fair,
 Cut thro' the shades of hell, great love! by thee! 290
 Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er should end
 Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause! Is
 How is night's sable mantle labour'd o'er, I gain wot al
 How richly wrought, with attributes divine! O man
 What wisdom shines! what love! This midnight pomp,
 This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd, P
 Built with divine ambition! nought to thee: M
 For others this profusion: thou apart, And all her
 Above, beyond! oh tell me, mighty mind,
 Where art thou? shall I dive into the deep? 300
 Call to the sun, or ask the roaring winds,
 For their creator? shall I question loud
 The thunder, if in that th' almighty dwells? B
 Or holds he furious storms in streighten'd reins, W
 And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel his rapid cars? T

WHAT mean these questions?—trembling, I retract;
 My prostrate soul adores the present God: O
 Praise I a distant deity? He tunes
 My voice (if tun'd,) the nerve, that writes, sustains O
 Wrap'd in his being, I resound his praise: 310
 But

But tho' past all diffus'd, without a shore,
His essence ; local is his throne, (as meet)
To gather the dispers'd, to fix a point,
A central point, collective of his sons,
Since finite every nature, but his own.

THE nameless HE, whose nod is nature's birth ;
And nature's shield, the shadow of his hand ;
Her dissolution, his suspended smile ;
The great first last ! pavilion'd high he sits
In darkness, from excessive splendor born. 320
His glory, to created glory, bright
As that, to central horrors ; he looks down
On all that fears ; and spans immensity.

Down to the center shou'd I send my thought,
Thro' beds of glittering ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze, wants lustre for my lay ;
Goes out in darkness : If, on tow'ring wing,
I send it thro' the boundless vault of stars ;
The stars, tho' rich, what dross their gold to thee,
Great ! good ! wise ! wonderful ! eternal King ? 330
If of those conscious stars thy throne around,
Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss,
I ask their strain ; they want it, more they want ;
Languid their energy, their ardor cold,
Indebted still, their highest rapture burns ;
Short of its mark, defective, tho' divine.

STILL more—This theme is man's, and man's alone ;
Their vast appointments reach it not ; they see
On earth a bounty, not indulg'd on high ;

And

And downward look for heaven's superior praise.
 First-born of æther! high in fields of light!
 View man, to see the glory of your God!
 You sung creation, (for in that you shar'd)
 How rose in melody, the child of love!
 Creation's great superior, man! is thine;
 Thine is redemption; eternize the song!
 Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime;
 Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies;
 Far more than labour—It was death in heaven.

Here pause, and ponder: was there death in heaven?
 What then on earth? on earth which struck the blow?
 Who struck it? Who?—O how is man enlarg'd,
 Seen thro' this medium! How the pigmy tow'rs!
 How counterpois'd his origin from dust!
 How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return!
 How voided his vast distance from the skies!
 How near he presses on the seraph's wing!
 How this demonstrates, thro' the thickest cloud
 Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the son of heaven!
 The double son; the made, and the re-made!
 And shall heaven's double property be lost?
 Man's double madness only can destroy him,
 To man the bleeding cross has promis'd all;
 The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace.
 Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny?
 O ye! who from this Rock of ages, leap
 Disdainful, plunging headlong in the abyss!
 What cordial joy, what consolation strong,
 Whatever winds arise, or billows roll,

Our interest in the matter of the storm!
 Cling there, and in wreck'd nature's ruins smile;
 While vile apostates tremble in a calm.

MAN! know thyself; all wisdom centers there;
 To none man seems ignoble, but to man;
 Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire;
 How long shall human nature be their boole,
 Degenerate mortal! and unread by thee?

The beam dim reason sheds shows wonders there;
 What high contents! illustrious faculties!
 But the grand comment which displays at full
 Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine!
 By heaven compos'd, was publish'd on the cross.

Who looks on that, and sees not in himself
 An awful stranger, a terrestrial God?
 A glorious partner with the deity
 In that high attribute, immortal life?
 I gaze, and as I gaze, my mounting soul
 Catches strange fire, eternity! at thee.

He, the great father! kindled at one flame
 The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd
 From spirit's awful fountain; pour'd himself
 Thro' all their souls; but not in equal stream;
 Profuse, or frugal of th' inspiring God,
 As his wife plan demanded; and when past
 Their various trials, in their various spheres,
 If they continue rational, as made,
 Resorbs them all into himself again;
 His throne their center, and his smile their crown.

WHY doubt we, then, the glorious truth to sing!
 * Angels are men of a superior kind;
 Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
 High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight:
 And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
 Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
 And slippery step, the bottom of the steep:
 Yet summon'd to the glorious standard soon,
 Which flames eternal crimson thro' the skies.

RELIGION'S all. Descending from its fire
 To wretched man, the Goddess in her left
 Holds out this world, and in her right, the next:
 Religion! the sole voucher man is man;
 Supporter sole of man above himself.

* Religion! providence; an after-state!
 Here is firm footing; here is solid rock;
 This can support us; all is sea besides;
 Sinks under us; be storms, and then devours.
 His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
 And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

RELIGION! thou the fount of happiness;
 And groaning Calvary of thee! There shine
 The noblest truths; there strongest motives sing!
 Can love allure us? or can terror awe?
 He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun;
 He sighs!—the sigh, earth's deep foundation shakes,
 If, in his love, so terrible, what then
 His wrath inflam'd? his tenderness on fire?
 * Can prayer, can praise avert it?—Thou, my all!

My theme ! my inspiration ! and my crown !
 My strength in age ! my rise in low estate !
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth !—my world ! 430
 My light in darkness ! and my life in death !
 My boast thro' time ! bliss thro' eternity !
 Eternity too short to speak thy praise,
 Or fathom thy profound of love to man !

* O how omnipotence is lost in love !
 Father of angels ! but the friend of man !
 Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand
 From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood !
 How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to distress !
 To make us groan beneath our gratitude, 440
 To challenge, and to distance, all return !
 Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
 And leave praise panting in the distant vale !
 But since the naked will obtains thy smile,
 Beneath this monument of praise unpaid,
 For ever lie intomb'd my fear of death,
 And dread of every evil, but thy frown.

* Oh for an humbler heart, and loftier song !
 Thou, my much injur'd-theme ! with that soft eye
 Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look 450
 Compassion to the coldness of my breast ;
 And pardon to the winter in my strain.

Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, formalists !
 On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm ;
 Shall heaven which gave us ardor, and has shewn
 Its own for man so strongly, not disdain

What

NIGHT THE FOURTH. 61

What smooth emollients in theology,
 Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
 That prole of piety, a lukewarm praise?
 Rise odours sweet from incense uninflam'd? 460
 Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout.

Oh when will death, (now stingsless) like a friend,
 Admit me of that choir? Oh when will death,
 This mould'ring, old, partition-wall thrown down,
 Give beings, one in nature, one abode?
 Oh death divine! that gives us to the skies,
 Great future! glorious patron of the past,
 And present, when shall I thy shrine adore?
 From nature's continent, immensely wide,
 Immensely blest, this little isle of life 470
 Divides us, Happy day, that breaks our chain;
 That re-admits us, thro' the guardian hand
 Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne;
 Who hears our Advocate, and thro' his wounds
 Beholding man, allows that tender name.
 'Tis this makes Christian triumph, a command:
 'Tis this makes joy a duty to the wise,

HAST thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
 Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
 On gazing nations, from his fiery train 480
 Of length enormous, takes his ample round
 Thro' depths of ether; coasts unnumber'd worlds
 Of more than solar-glory; doubles wide
 Heaven's mighty cape, and then revisits earth,
 From the long travel of a thousand years.

Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return
 He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze;
 And with him all our triumph o'er the tomb.

* NATURE is dumb on this important point :
 Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes :
 Faith speaks aloud, distinct ; even adds : hear,
 But turn, and dart into the dark again.
 Faith builds a bridge across the gulph of death,
 To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
 And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore,
 Death's terror is the mountain faith removes ;
 That mountain-barrier between man and peace :
 'Tis faith disarms destruction ; and absolves
 From every clamorous charge, the guiltless tomb.

WHY shouldst thou disbelieve ? — 'tis Reason bids,
 " All sacred reason." — Hold her sacred still ;
 Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame.
 Reason ! my heart is thine : Deep in its folds,
 Live thou with life ; live dearer of the two.
 My reason rebaptiz'd me, when adult ;
 Weighed true and false in her impartial scale ;
 And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
 Reason pursued is faith : and unpursu'd
 Where proof invites, 'tis reason then no more ;
 And such our proof, that, or our faith is right,
 Or reason lies, and heaven design'd it wrong :
 Absolve we this ? What then is blasphemy ?

FOND as we are, and justly fond of faith,
 Reason, we grant, demands our first regard;
 The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear;
 Reason the root, fair faith is but the flow'r;
 The fading flower shall die; but reason lives
 Immortal, as her father in the skies.
 Wrong not the Christian, think not reason yours:
 'Tis reason our great Master holds so dear;
 'Tis reason's injur'd rights his wrath resent.
 * Believe, and show the reason of a man;
 Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God;
 Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
 Thro' reason's wounds alone, thy faith can die;
 Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
 And dips in venom his twice-mortal sting.

* LEARN hence what honours due, to those, who push
 Our antidote aside; those friends to reason,
 Whose fatal love stabs every joy, and leaves
 Death's terror heighten'd gnawing on his heart.
 Those pompous sons of reason idoliz'd,
 And vilify'd at once, of reason dead,
 Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old.
 While love of truth thro' all their camp resounds,
 They draw pride's curtain o'er the noon-tide ray,
 Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
 Of philosophic wit, call'd argument,
 And then exulting in their taper, cry,
 "Behold the sun:" And Indian-like, adore.

** TALK they of morals? O thou bleeding Love!
 Thou maker of new morals to mankind!
 The grand morality is love of thee.
 A Christian is the highest stile of man,
 And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off
 As a foul blot from his dishonour'd brow?
 If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:
 The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
 More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell?

YE sold to sense, ye citizens of earth, 550
 (For such alone the Christian banner fly)
 Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain?
 * Behold the picture of earth's happiest man;
 "He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,
 "And says, he call'd another; that arrives,
 "Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on;
 "Till one calls him, who varies not his call,
 "But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
 "Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free;
 "A freedom, far less welcome than his chain." 560

BUT grant man happy; grant him happy long;
 Add to life's highest prize her latest hour;
 That hour so late, comes on in full career;
 ** How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud!
 Where is the fable of thy former years?
 Thrown down the gulph of time; as far from thee
 As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
 Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going;

Scarce

Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly tis gone;
 And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd
 By strides as swift: [Eternity is all.]
 And whose eternity? Who triumphs there?
 Bathing for ever in the font of bliss!
 For ever basking in the deity!

* CONSCIENCE reply, O give it leave to speak;
 For it will speak ere long. O hear it now,
 While useful its advice, its accent mild.
 Truth is deposited with man's last hour;
 An honest hour, and faithful to her trust.
 Truth, eldest daughter of the deity;
 Truth, of his council, when he made the worlds,
 Nor less when he shall judge the worlds he made,
 Tho' silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,
 Than from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
 The Goddess bursts in thunder and in flame.
 "Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

THE END OF THE FOURTH NIGHT.





NOTES on NIGHT IV.

- Line
- 27 *Vivacious*—Living long
 - ib. *Immature*—Untimely
 - 37 *Plaudits*—Commendations
 - 38 *Exit*—Going out of the body
 - 57 *Mounds*—Fences
 - 70 *Avocation*—Respite from business
 - 71 *Rage canine*—Mad, furious
 - 73 *Coevals*—Equals in age
 - 97 *Energy*—Strength
 - 99 *Vapid*—Dead, insipid
 - 101 *Arbiter*—Disposer
 - 102 *Immaterial*—Spiritual
 - 103 *All-prolific*—Producing all things
 - 108 *Existence*—Being
 - 117 *A barbed arrow is one made like a fish-hook, so that it cannot be drawn out*
 - 121 *Conspicuous*—Easy to be seen
 - 163 *Consummate*—Perfect
 - 169 *Opprobrious*—Reproachful
 - 213 *Gorged*—Devoured
 - 233 *Aonian-mount*—The mount of the muses
 - 224 *Ports*—Gates
 - 262 *A scale of miracles*—Miracles rising one above another

183:14



276 Profusion

Line

- 276 *Profusion*—Vast plenty
 309 *The nerve*—The hand
 311 *Diffused*—Spread abroad
 312 *Local*—Fixt in one place
 319 *Pavilion'd*—As in a pavilion or tent.
 320 *Splendor*—Brightness
 331 *Conscious stars*—Angels
 332 *Imbibing*—Drinking in
 341 *Ether*—Heaven. *First-born*—Ye angels
 353 *A medium* is any thing thro' which something is seen
 379 *Illustrious faculties*—Glorious powers
 390 *Rationals*—Reasonable creatures
 397 *Resorbs*—Receives again
 427 *Avert*—Turn away
 434 *Profound*—Depth
 442 *Stupendous*—Amazing
 450 *Salem*—Jerusalem
 457 *Emollients in theology*—Softners in divinity
 458 *Recumbent*—Lolling on the cushion
 469 *Continent*—Main-land
 490 *Precarious*—Uncertain
 504 *Adult*—Grown up
 529 *Antitode*—Counterpoison
 534 *Deified*—Worshipt as a God
 578 *Deposited*—Laid up

Night

Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
From vain, and vile, to solid, and sublime!

Unhappy, that I am, who, in the thought
Of happiness, am, in the thought, of pain!

My sacred trust, though long my soul has rang'd
Through pleasing paths of moral, and divine,

Night the Fifth.

Let laughter, and the gay, like radiant founts
Of laughter, fountain, the low, and the high,

The RELAPSE.

Darkness has, in the thought, of the low,
It strikes the light, and the low, and the high,
To strike on height, and the low, and the high,
There lies our theatre, the low, and the high.

NO guilty passion blown into a flame,
No rainbow colours, here, or silken tale;
But solemn counsels, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
With double weight, through these revolving spheres,
This death-deep silence, and incumbent shade.
Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last hour;
Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires;
And thy dark pencil, Midnight! darker still
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.

O Thou! blest Spirit! whether, the supreme,
Great antemundane Father! in whose breast
Embryo-creation, unborn being dwell,
Whose breath can blow it into nought again;
Or, from his throne some delegated pow'r,

Who,

Who,

Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
From vain, and vile, to solid, and sublime!

Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
Of inspiration; nor is yet allay'd

My sacred thirst; though long my soul has rang'd 20
Through pleasing paths of moral, and divine,
By thee sustain'd, and lighted by the stars.

LET *Indians*, and the gay, like *Indians*, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore:
Darkness has more divinity for me:
It strikes thought inward, it drives back the soul
To settle on herself, our point supreme!
There lies our theatre; there sits our judge.

* Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene, 30
'Tis the kind hand of providence stretch'd out
'Twixt man, and vanity; 'tis reason's reign,
And virtue's too; these tutelary shades
Are man's asylum from the tainted throng.

* VIRTUE, for ever frail, as fair below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world, without a stain:
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we thought, is blotted; we resolv'd,
Is shaken; we renounc'd, returns again. 40
Each salutation may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange, light, motion, concourse, noise,
All, scatter us abroad; thought outward bound,

Neglectful

Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe;

PRESENT example gets within our guard,
And acts with double force; by few repell'd;
Ambition fires ambition; love of gain
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe;
And inhumanity is caught from man;
From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever, to the throbbing heart,
Of envy, rancour, or impure desire.

* We see, we hear with peril; safety dwells
Remote from multitude; the world's a school
Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around!
We must or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes;
That stains our innocence; this wounds our peace,
From nature's birth, hence, wisdom has been smit
With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade.

THIS sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone:
Vice sinks in her allurements, is unguilty,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an atheist half-believes a God.

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

71

* NIGHT is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious-moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to wisdom, and let fall
On contemplation's eye, her purging ray.
Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black waste
Of murder'd time: Auspicious midnight, hail!
The world excluded, every passion hush'd,
And open'd a calm intercourse with heav'n,
Here the soul sits in council, ponders past,
Predestines future action; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life; and reasons with the storm;
All her lies answers, and thinks down her charms.

WHAT are we? how unequal? now we soar,
And now we sink: how dearly pays the soul
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay!
Reason, a baffled counsellor! but adds
The blush of weakness, to the bane of woe.
* The noblest spirit fighting her hard fate,
In this damp, dusky region, charg'd with storms,
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly.

* Tis vain to seek in men, for more than man:
Tho' proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late,
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, down I rush
In sorrow drown'd.—But not, in sorrow, lost.
* How wretched is the man, who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearl, in sorrow's stream:

100

Not

Not so the thoughtless man that only grieves;
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain,
(Inestimable gain!) and gives heaven leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wise.

If wisdom is our lesson, (and what else
Ennobles man? what else have angels learnt?)
Grief, more proficient in thy school are made,
Than genius, or proud learning, e'er could boast.
Voracious learning, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal.
This forager on others wisdom, leaves
Her native-farm, her reason quite untill'd:
With mixt manure she surfeits the rank soil,
Dung'd, but not dress'd; and rich to beggary;
A pomp untameable of weed prevails:
Her servant's wealth encumber'd wisdom mourns.

And what says genius? "Let the dull be wise."
It pleads exemption from the laws of sense;
Considers reason as a leveller,
And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd.
That wise it could be, thinks an ample claim
To glory, and to pleasure gives the rest.
Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.

But wisdom smiles, when humbled mortals weep;
When sorrow wounds the breast, as ploughs the glebe,
And hearts obdurate feel her softning shower:
Her seed celestial, then, glad wisdom sows,
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.

If so, I'll gain by my calamity,
 And reap rich compensation from my pain. 130
 I'll range the plenteous, intellectual field;
 And gather every thought of sovereign power,
 To chase the moral maladies of man;
 Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the skies,
 Tho' natives of this coarse penurious soil,
 Nor wholly wither there, where Seraphs sing;
 Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd in heaven.

SAY, on what themes shall puzzled choice descend?
 "Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;
 "Why men decline it; suicide's foul birth; 140
 "The various kinds of grief; the faults of age;
 "And death's dread character—invite my song."

AND first, th' importance of our end survey'd.
 Friends counsel quick dismissal of our grief;
 Mistaken kindness! our hearts heal too soon.
 Are they more kind than he who struck the blow?
 Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
 And banish peace, till nobler guests arrive,
 And bring it back, a true, and endless peace?
 Calamities are friends: as glaring day 150
 Of these unnumbered lustres robes our sight;
 Prosperity puts out unnumbered thoughts.
 Of import high, and light divine to man.

* THE man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
 (Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves!)
 Is led by choice to take his favourite walk,

Beneath death's gloomy, silent cypress shades, how
 Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastick ray ;
 To read his monuments, to weigh his dust, more
 Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs !
Lorenzo ! read with me *Narcissa's* stone ;
 Few orators so tenderly can touch
 The feeling heart. What *Pathos* in the date !
 Apt words can strike, and yet in them we see
 Faint images of what we here enjoy.
 What cause have we to build on length of life ?
 Temptations seize, when fear is laid asleep ;
 And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

SEE from her tomb, Truth fallies on my soul,
 And puts delusion's dusky train to flight ;
 Disperses the mists our sultry passions raise,
 And shews the real estimate of things,
 Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw ;
 Pulls off the veil from virtue's rising charms ;
 Detects temptation in a thousand lies.
 ** Truth bids me look on men, as Autumn's leaves,
 And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
 Driven by the whirlwind : lighted by her beams,
 I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
 See things invisible, feel things remote,
 Am present with futurities ; think nought
 To man so foreign, as the joys possess'd,
 Nought so much his as those beyond the grave.

No folly keeps its colour in her sight :
 Pale worldly wisdom loses all her charms.

How

How differ worldly wisdom, and divine?
 Just as the waining, and the waxing moon,
 More empty worldly wisdom every day;
 And every day more fair her rival shines.
 But soon our term for wisdom is expir'd,
 And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
 Or real wisdom wafts us to the skies.

* WHAT grave prescribes the best?—a friend's;
 and yet
 From a friend's grave, how soon we disengage,
 Even to the dearest, as his marble, cold!
 Why are friends ravisht from us? 'tis to bind,
 By soft affection's ties, on human hearts,
 The thought of death, which reason too supine,
 Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.
 Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
 Combin'd, can break the witherasts of the world,
 Behold th' inexorable hour at hand!
 Behold th' inexorable hour forgot!
 And to forget it, the chief aim of life;
 Tho' well to ponder it, is life's chief end.

Is death, that even threatening, ne'er remote,
 That all-important, and that only sure,
 (Come when he will) an unexpected guest?
 Nay, tho' invited by the loudest calls
 Of blind imprudence, unexpected still?
 Tho' num'rous messengers are sent before
 To warn his great arrival! What the cause?

The wond'rous cause, of this mysterious ill?
All heaven looks down astonish'd at the sight.

Is it, that life has sown her joys so thick,
We can't thrust in a single care between?
Is it, that life has such a swarm of cares,
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it, that time steals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes indulgence from her golden dream? 220
To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats;
We take the lying sister for the same.
Life glides away, *Lorenzo*, like a brook;
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the same life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the same; the same we think
Our life, tho' still more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the much irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say 230
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a vessel on the stream?
In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
Of time descend, but not on time intent;
Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave;
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;
We start, awake, look out; our bark is burst.

Is this the cause death flies all human thought?
Or is it, judgment by the will struck blind,
That domineering mistress of the soul! 240
Or is it fear turns startled reason back,
From looking down a precipice so steep?

'Tis

'Tis dreadful, and the dread is wisely plac'd,
By nature conscious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, man on each pique of pride,
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein,
Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
And marr the schemes of Providence below.

WHAT groan was that? There took his gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black fullen soul,
Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant *Altamont*,
So call'd, so thought—And then he fled the field,
Lest base the fear of death, then fear of life.
O *Britain*! infamous for suicide;
An island in thy manners! far disjoin'd
From the whole world of rationals beside,
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.

But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
Of self-assault, expose the monster's birth,
And bid abhorrence hiss it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun;
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
The cause I sing, in Eden might prevail,
And proves, it is thy folly, not thy fate.

THE soul of man (let man in homage bow,
 Who names his soul) a native of the skies,
 High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain;
 Unfold, unmortgag'd for earth's little bribes.
 Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
 Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,
 Studious of home, and ardent to return,
 Of earth suspicious, earth's enchanted cup
 With cool reserve light touching, should indulge
 On immortality, her godlike taste;
 There take large draughts; make her chief banquet
 there.

BUT some reject this sustenance divine;
 To beggarly vile appetites descend;
 Ask alms of earth, for guests that came from heaven;
 Sink into slaves; and sell, for present hire,
 Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)
 Their native freedom, to the prince who sways
 This nether world. And when his payments fail,
 When his full basket gorges them no more;
 Or their pall'd palates loath the basket full,
 Are, instantly, with wild demoniac rage,
 For breaking all the chains of providence,
 And bursting their confinement; tho' fast barr'd
 By laws divine and human; guarded strong
 With horrors doubled to defend the pass,
 The blackest nature, or dire guilt can raise;
 And moated round with fathomless destruction,
 Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall,

Such,

SUCH, Britons, is the cause, to you unknown,
Or worse, o'erlook'd, o'erlook'd by magistrates,
Thus criminals themselves, I grant the deed
Is madness; but the madness of the heart.
And what is that? our utmost bound of guilt,
A sensual, unreflecting life is big
With monstrous births, and suicide, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold, to break
Heaven's law supreme, and desperately rush
Thro' sacred nature's murder, on their own,
Because they never think of death, they die.

* When by the bed of languishment we sit,
Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head;
Number their moments, and in ev'ry clock,
Start at the voice of an eternity;
See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift,
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then sink again, and quiver into death.
(That most pathetic herald of our own;)
How read we such sad scenes? as sent to man
In perfect vengeance? no; in pity sent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impress
Indelible, death's image on his heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.
We bleed, we tremble; we forget, we smile:
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
Our quick returning folly cancels all:
As the tide rushing raises what is writ
In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.

LORENZO I

LORENZO! hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh?
 Or studied the philosophy of tears?
 Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
 And seen their source? if not, descend with me,
 And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.

OUR funeral tears, from different causes, rise:
 Of various kinds, they flow. From tender hearts,
 By soft contagion call'd, some burst at once,
 And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
 Some, ask more time, by curious art distill'd.
 Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,
 Struck by the public e. e. gush out again.
 Some weep to share the same of the deceas'd,
 So high in merit, and to them so dear :
 They dwell on praises, which they think they share.
 Some mourn in proof that something they could love;
 They weep not to relieve their grief, but show.
 Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
 As conscious all their love is in arrears.
 Some mischievously weep, not unappriz'd,
 Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.
 As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,
 While liquid pearl runs trickling down their cheek.
 By kind construction some are deem'd to weep,
 Because a decent veil conceals their joy.

SOME weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain;
 As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.
 Passion, blind passion! impotently pours
 Tears, that deserve more tears; while reason sleeps

Or gazes, like an idiot, unconcern'd ;
 Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm.
 They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,
 And full as short ! the cruel grief soon tam'd,
 They make a pastime of the stingsless tale ;
 Far as the deep-resounding knell, they spread
 The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
 No grain of wisdom pays them for their woe.
 When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
 Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust ;
 Instead of learning there her true support,
 She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
 The stranger weds, and blossoms as before,
 In all the fruitless sopperies of life.

360

So wept *Aurelia*, till the destin'd youth
 Stept in, with his receipt for making smiles,
 And blanching fables into bridal bloom.
 Not such, *Narcissa* ! my distress for thee.
 I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb
 To sacrifice to wisdom.—What wast thou ?
 “ Young, gay and fortunate !” each yields a theme.

370

AND, first, thy youth. What says it to grey hairs ?
Narcissa, I'm become thy pupil now—
 Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew
 She sparkled, was exhal'd. and went to heav'n.
 Time on this head has snow'd, yet still 'tis borne
 Aloft ; nor thinks but on another's grave,
 As if, like objects pressing on the sight,
 Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen.

380

Or,

Or, that life's loan time ripen'd into right;
 And men might plead prescription from the grave;
 Deathless, from repetition of reprieve.
 Deathless? far from it! such are dead already;
 Their hearts are buried, and the world their grave.

****WHAT** thus insatiates? what enchantment plants
 The phantom of an age, 'twixt us and death,
 Already at the door? he knocks, we hear him,
 And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
 Our untouch'd hearts? what miracle turns off
 The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
 Is daily darted, and is daily shun'd?
 We stand as in a battle, throngs on throngs
 Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves;
 Two' bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!
 We see time's furrows on another's brow,
 And death intrench'd, preparing his assault;
 How few themselves, in that just mirror, see!

ABSURD Longevity! more, more, it cries;
 More life, more wealth, more trash of every kind;
 And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails?
 Shall folly labour hard to mend the bow,
 While nature is relaxing ev'ry string?
 Ask thought for joy; grow rich and hoard;
 Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,
 Has nothing of more manly to succeed?
 Contrast the taste immortal; learn even now
 To relish what alone subsists hereafter:
 Divine or none, henceforth your joys for ever

Of age, the glory is to wish to die.
 That wish is praise and promise ; it applauds
 Past life, and promises our future bliss.
 What weakness see not children in their fires ?
 Grand-climacterical absurdities !
 Grey-hair'd authority to faults of youth,
 How shocking ! It makes folly thrice a fool ; 420
 And our first childhood might our last despise.

WHAT folly can be ranker ? like our shadows,
 Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
 No wish should loiter, then, this side the grave.
 Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
 Calls for our carcasses to mend the soil.
 Enough to live in tempest ; die in port.
 Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
 Defects of judgment ; and the will's subdue ;
 Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore 430
 Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon ;
 And put good works on board ; and wait the wind
 That shortly blows us into worlds unknown ;
 If unconsider'd too, a dreadful scene !

ALL should be prophets to themselves, foresee
 Their future fate ; their future fate foretaste ;
 This art would waste the bitterness of death.
 The thought of death alone, destroys the fear,
 A disaffection to that precious thought
 Is more than midnight darkness on the soul, 440
 Which sleeps beneath it, on a precipice,
 Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.

BUT

BUT why so warmly hammer'd on thine ear;
 The thought of death? that thought is the machine;
 The grand machine, that heaves us from the dust,
 And rears us into men. That thought ply'd home
 Will gently slope our passage to the grave;
 How warmly to be wish'd! what heart of flesh
 Would trifle with tremendous? dare extremes?
 Yawn o'er the fate of infinite? what hand
 Would at a moment give its all to chance,
 And stamp the die for an eternity?
 All accident apart, by nature sign'd,
 My warrant is gone out, tho' dormant yet;
 Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.

MUST I then forward only look for death?
 Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there,
 Man is a self-survivor ev'ry year:
 Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow,
 Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey.
 My youth, my noon-tide, his; my yesterday;
 The bold invader shares the present hour.
 Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
 While man is growing, life is in decrease;
 And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
 Our birth is nothing but our death begun;
 As tapers waste, that instant they take fire.

SHALL we then fear, lest that should come to pass,
 Which comes to pass each moment of our lives?
 If fear we must, let that death turn us pale
 Which murders strength, and ardor: what remains
 Should

Should rather call on death than dread his call;
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline,
Thoughtless of death, but when your neighbour's knell
Rude visitant!) knocks hard at your dull sense,
And with its thunder, scarce obtains your ear!
Be death your theme, in every place and hour,
No longer wait, ye monumental fires,
A brother tomb to tell you you shall die.
That death you dread (so great is nature's skill!) 480
Know, you shall court, before you shall enjoy.

But you are learn'd ; in volumes deep you sit ;
In wisdom shallow : pompous ignorance !
Learn well to know how much need not be known ;
And what that knowledge, which impairs your sense.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field ;
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.
You scorn what lies before you in the page
Of nature and experience, moral truth ; 490
And dive in science for distinguish'd names,
Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.
Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords
Light, but not heat ; it leaves you undevout.
If you would learn death's character, attend.
All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together shook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random. Or if choice is made,
The choice is quite sarcastic, and insults 500
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.

Like other tyrants, death delights to smite,
 What smitten, most proclaims the pride of power,
 And arbitrary ned. His joy supreme,
 To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
 The feeble, wrap th' athletic in his shroud;
 And weeping fathers build their children's tomb:
 Me think, *Narcissa*!—what tho' short thy date?

* Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
 That life is long, which answers life's great end. 510
 The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name:
 The man of wisdom is the man of years.
 In hoary youth *Methusalems* may die,
 O how misdated on their flattering tombs!

All more than common menaces an end:
 A blaze betokens brevity of life.
 To plant the soul on her eternal guard,
 In awful expectation of our end,
 Thus runs death's dread commission; "Strike, but so
 " As most alarms the living by the dead." 520
 Hence stratagem delights him, and surprize,
 And cruel sport with man's securities.
 Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim,
 And where least fear'd, there conquest triumphs most.

What are his arts to lay our fears asleep!
Tibetan arts his purposes wrap up
 In deep dissimulation's darkest night.
 Like princes unconfest in foreign courts,
 Who travel under cover, death assumes
 The name, and look of life, and dwells among us. 530
 Behind

Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk,
 Or ambush in a smile; or wanton dive
 In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
 Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.

Most happy they whom least his arts deceive.
 One eye on death, and one full fix'd on heaven,
 Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.

WHERE is not death? sure as night follows day,
 Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world,
 When pleasure treads the paths which reason shuns,
 When, against reason, riot shuts the door,
 And gayety supplies the place of sense.

Then foremost at the banquet, and the ball,
 Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die;
 Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown,
 Gayly carousing to his gay compeers,
 Only he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
 As absent far: and when the revel burns,
 When fear is banish'd, and triumphant thought
 Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
 Against him turns the key; and bids him sup
 With their progenitors,—He drops his mask,
 Frowns out at full; they start, despair, expire!

* SCARCE with more sudden terror and surprize,
 From his black masque of nitre, touch'd by fire,
 He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours,
 And is not this triumphant treachery,
 And more than simple conquest in the fiend?

AND now, gay trifler, dost thou wrap thy soul
 In soft security, because unknown, 560
 Which moment is commission'd to destroy?
 In death's uncertainty thy danger lies.
 Is death uncertain? therefore thou be fixt;
 Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,
 All expectation of the coming foe.
 Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear,
 Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
 And fate surprize thee nodding. Watch, be strong;
 Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
 Of dying well; tho' doom'd but once to die, 570
 Nor let life's period hidden (as from most)
 Hide too from thee, the precious use of life.

Does wealth, with youth, and gaiety conspire
 To weave a triple wreath of happiness?
 That shining mark invites the tyrant's spear.
 As if to damp our elevated aims,
 And strongly preach humility to man,
 O how portentous is prosperity!
 How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines!
 Few years but yield us proof of death's ambition 580
 To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
 And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
 When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
 With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss;
 Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
 The gaudy center of the public eye;
 When fortune, thus, has toss'd her child in air,
 Snatcht from the covert of an humble state,

How often have I seen him dropt at once, won and A
 Our morning's envy, and our evening's fight 590
 As if her bounties were the signal giv'n,
 The flow'ry wreath, to mark the sacrifice,
 And call death's arrows on the destin'd prey.

HIGH-FORTUNE seems in cruel league with fate.
 Ask you for what? to give his war on man
 The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil;
 Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.

And art thou still a glutton of bright gold?
 And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin?
 Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow; 600
 A blow, which while it executes, alarms;
 And startles thousands, with a single fall.
 As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,
 Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,
 The sun's defiance! and the flocks defence!
 By the strong strokes of lab'ring hinds subdued,
 Loud groans her last, and rushing from her height
 In cumb'rous ruin, thunders to the ground;
 The conscious forest trembles at the shock,
 And hill, and stream, and distant dale, resound. 610

THE END OF THE FIFTH NIGHT.

With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss,
 Set up in ostentation, with the gaze
 The gaudy crowd of this world's eyes
 When fortune thus, her crown did in air
 Scatter from the covert of an humble state,



NOTES on NIGHT V.

Line

- 6 Incumbent—Lying on us
- 12 Antemundane—Before the world
- 13 Embryo—Creation yet unborn
- 15 Delegated—Commissioned by God
- 32 Tutelary—Guardian
- 33 Asylum—Refuge
- 46 Fume—Smoke
- 60 Proficients—That have well learned the lesson
- 72 Immemorial—Time out of mind
- 73 Conscious—Privy to all our actions
- 77 Auspicious—Favourable
- 81 Predestines—Determines before-hand
- 93 Previous—Preceding the action
- 125 Glebe—Ground
- 130 Compensation—Amends
- 140 Suicide—Self-murder
- 163 Pathos—Power to move the passions
- 179 The Horizon is that part of the sky which can be seen at one view
- 198 Supine—Negligent
- 202 Inexorable—Not to be altered by intreaties
- 206 Remote—Far off
- 220 Indulgence—A life of ease and pleasure
- 229 Lapsed—Slipped away
- 252 Impetuous—Violent
- 260 Ambient—Surrounding
- 262 Detect—Discover

Line

- 275 ~~Ardent—Desirous~~
 289 *Demoniac—Devilish*
 304 *Infernal—Hellish*
 316 *Pathetic—Affecting*
 320 *Indelible—Not to be blotted out*
 335 *Obsequious—Obedient*
 365 *Reclines—Bends down*
 372 *Blanching—Whitening*
 390 *Insatiates—Takes away our reason*
 391 *Phantom—Apparition*
 403 *Longevity—Long life*
 418 *The sixty-third year is called the Grand Climacteric*
 454 *Dormant—Not put in execution*
 460 *Quotidian—Daily*
 471 *Ardor—Livelinefs*
 496 *Cast s—Sorts*
 498 *An Urn is a kind of vessel in which they shook the
lots*
 500 *Sarcasm is a bitter kind of mockery*
 504 *Arbitrary—Uncontrolable*
 506 *Athletic—Healthy and strong*
 509 *Matures—Ripens*
 526 *Tiberian, like those of Tiberius the Roman Emperor,
a great dissembler.*
 552 *Progenitors—Forefathers*
 578 *Portentous—Betokening evil to come*
 584 *Recent—Fresh, new*
 599 *Rapacious—Greedy.*
 Night



Night the Sixth.

The INFIDEL RECLAIM'D.

SHE * (for I know not yet her name in heaven)
 Not early, like *Narcissa*, left the scenes
 Nor sudden, like *Philander*. What avail?
 This seeming mitigation but inflames;
 This fancy'd medicine heightens the disease.
 The longer known, the closer still she grew;
 And gradual parting is a gradual death.
 O THE long dark approach thro' years of pain,
 Death's gallery, with sable terror hung;
 Sick hope's pale lamp its only glimmering ray!
 There fate my melancholy walk ordain'd.
 How oft I gaz'd prophetically sad!
 How oft I saw her dead while yet in smiles!
 In smiles she sunk her grief, to lessen mine;
 She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.

Like

* Referring to Night the Fifth.

Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
 By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,
 In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
 Death urg'd his deadly siege: In spite of art,
 Of all the balmy blessings nature lends 20
 To succour frail humanity. Ye stars!
 And thou, O moon! bear witness; many a night
 He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
 Ty'd down my sore attention to the shock,
 By ceaseless depredations on a life,
 Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
 Of observation! darker every hour!
 Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
 And pointed at eternity below.
 When my soul shudder'd at futurity, 30
 When, on a moment's point, th' important die
 Of life and death, spun doubtful, ere it fell,
 And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.

BUT why more woe? more comfort let it be.
 Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to dye;
 Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain:
 Nothing is dead, but what encumber'd, gall'd,
 Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from real life.
 Where dwells that wish most ardent of the wife?
 Too dark the sun to see it; highest stars 40
 Too low to reach it; death, great death alone,
 O'er stars and sun triumphant, lands us there.

NOR dreadful our transition; tho' the mind,
 An artist at creating self-alarms,

Rich

Rich in expedients for inquietude,
 Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
 Death's portrait true? the tyrant never fate,
 Our sketch, all random strokes, conjecture all;
 Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.
 Death, and his image rising in the brain,
 Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;
 Fear shakes the pencil, fancy loves excess,
 Dark ignorance is lavish of her shades;
 And these the formidable picture draw.

But grant the worst; 'tis past; new prospects rise;
 And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
 Far other views our contemplation claim,
 Views that o'erpay the rigors of our life;
 Views that suspend our agonies in death.
 Wrapt in the thought of immortality,
 Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on;
 And find the soul unsated with her theme.
 Its nature, proof, importance, fire my song.

Thy nature, immortality, who knows?
 And yet who knows it not? It is but life
 In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
 And spun for ever; black and brittle here!
 How short our correspondence with the sun!
 And while it lasts, inglorious! our best deeds,
 How wanting in their weight! our highest joys,
 Small cordials to support us in our pain,
 ** And give us strength to suffer. But how great
 To mingle interests, converse, amities,
 With

With all the sons of reason, scatter'd wide
 Through habitable space, wherever born,
 Howe'er endow'd! To live free citizens
 Of universal nature! To lay hold
 By more than feeble faith on the Supreme!
 To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines
 Our own! To rise in science, as in bliss,
 Initiate in the secrets of the skies!
 To read creation; read its mighty plan
 In the bare bosom of the Deity!
 The plan and execution to collate!
 To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
 All cloud, all shadow blown remote; and leave
 No mystery — but that of love divine,
 Which lifts us on the Seraph's flaming wing,
 From earth's Aceldama, this field of blood,
 Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
 From darkness, and from dust, to such a scene!
 Love's element! true joy's illustrious home!
 From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair.

THESE are the thoughts that aggrandize the great.
 How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
 And every moment fear to sink beneath
 The clod we tread; soon trodden by our sons)
 * How great, in the wild whirl of time's pursuits,
 To stop, and pause, involv'd in high preface;
 Through the long vista of a thousand years,
 To stand contemplating our distant selves,
 As in a magnifying mirror seen,
 Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine!

To

To prophesy our own futurities!
 To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends!
 To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys;
 As far beyond conception, as desert,
 Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers and the tale!
 When mount we? when these shackles fall? when quit
 This cell of the creation? this small nest,
 Struck in a corner of the universe,
 Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun air?
 Fine-spun to sense; but gross and seculent
 To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breathe
 Ambrosial gales; and drink a purer sky;
 Greatly triumphant on time's farther shore.

In an eternity what scenes shall strike!
 What webs of wonder shall unravel there!
 What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,
 And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep!
 How shall the blessed day of our discharge
 Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
 And straiten its inextricable maze!

Is inextinguishable thirst in man
 To know; how rich, how full our banquet here!
 Here, not the moral world alone unfolds;
 The world material lately seen in shades,
 And in those shades, by fragments only seen,
 And seen those fragments by the labouring eye,
 Unbroken, now, illustrious, and entire,
 Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
 In full dimensions, swells to the survey;

And

And enters, at one glance, the ravish'd sight
 How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
 In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
 Behold an infinite of floating worlds
 Divide the crystal waves of ether pure,
 In endless voyage, without port! the least
 Of these disseminated orbs, how great!
 Yet what are these to the stupendous whole?
 As particles, as atoms ill-perceiv'd.

If admiration is a source of joy,
 What transport hence! Yet this the least in heaven.
 What this to that illustrious robe He wears,
 Who tost this mass of wonders from his hand,
 A specimen, an earnest of his power!
 'Tis, to that glory, whence all glory flows,
 As the mead's meanest flowret to the sun,
 Which gave it birth. But what, this Sun of heaven!
 This bliss supreme of the supremely blest!
 Death, only death, the question can resolve.
 By death cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy;
 The bare ideas! solid happiness
 So distant from its shadow chac'd below!

* AND chase we still the phantom thro' the fire,
 O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, 'till death?
 And toil we still for sublunary pay?
 Defy the dangers of the field, and flood,
 Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,
 Our more than vitals spin in curious webs
 Of subtle thought, and exquisite design;

(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly?
 The momentary buz of vain renown!
 A name, a mortal immortality.

Or (meaner still!) instead of grasping air,
 For sordid lucre plunge we in the mire?

Drudge, sweat, thro' every shame, for gain throw up
 Our hope in heaven, our dignity with man,
 And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold? 140

Ambition, avarice! the two demons these
 Which goad thro' every slough our human herd,
 Hard-travel'd from the cradle to the grave:
 How low the wretches sloop! how steep they climb!

Is it in time to hide eternity?
 And why not in an atom on the shore,
 To cover ocean? or, a mote, the sun?
 Glory and wealth! have they this blinding power?
 But what is true ambition? The pursuit
 Of glory, nothing less than man can share. 150
 Were they as vain, as gaudy-minded man,
 Their arts, and conquests, animals might boast,
 And claim their laurel crowns, as well as we:
 But not celestial. Here we stand alone,
 As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent:
 If prone in thought, our stature is our shame,
 And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies.
 The visible and present are for brutes.
 A slender portion! and a narrow bound!
 These, reason with an energy divine, 160
 O'erleaps; and claims the future, and unseen;
 The vast unseen! the future fathomless!

When

When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
 Leaving gross nature's sediment below,
 Then, and then only Adam's offspring quits
 The sage, and hero, of the fields and woods,
 Asserts his rank, and rises into man.

GENIUS and art, ambition's boasted wings,
 Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!
 Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high, 170
 Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
 When I behold a genius bright and base,
 Ofttowering talents, and terrestrial aims;
 Methinks, I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
 The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
 With rubbish mixt, and glittering in the dust.

HEARTS are proprietors of all applause.
 Right ends, and means, make wisdom: worldly-wisdom
 Is but half-witted, at its highest praise.

LET genius then despair to make thee great. 180
 Nor flatter station: what is station high?
 'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
 It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
 And oft the throng denies its charity.
 Monarchs, and ministers, are awful names;
 Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
 Religion, public order, both exact
 External homage, and a supple knee,
 To beings pompously set up, to serve
 The meanest slave; all more is merit's due; 190

Her sacred and inviolable right,
Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.

Fools indeed drop the man in their account,
And vote the mantle into majesty.

* Let the small savage boast his silver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His own, descending fairly from his fires.

Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
And souls in ermin scorn a soul without?

Can place or lessen us, or aggrandize?
Pygmies are pygmies still, tho' perch'd on alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.

* Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last, when *Egypt's* fall.

Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
The cause is lodg'd in immortality.
Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for pow'r;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before?
Then thou before wast something less than man.
Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride?
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which staffs, or strings can raise.

Souls truly great dart forward on the wing
Of just ambition, to the grand result.
The curtain's fall; there see the buskin'd chief
Unshod behind this momentary scene,

Reduc'd

Reduc'd to his own stature, low or high, 220
 As vice, or virtue sinks him, or sublimes;
 And laugh at this fantastic mummery,
 Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray
 A littleness of soul by worlds o'er-run,
 And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice
 To Christian pride! which had with horror shockt
 The darkeſt Pagans, offer'd to their gods.

THAT prince, and that alone, is truly great,
 Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheaths;
 On empire builds what empire far outweighs, 230
 And makes his throne a scaffold to the ſkies.

WHY this ſo rare? becauſe forgot of all
 The day of death; that venerable day,
 Which ſits as judge; that day which ſhall pronounce
 On all our days, abſolve them, or condemn.
 Lorenzo! never ſhut thy thought againſt it;
 Be levees ne'er ſo full, afford it room,
 And give it audience in the cabinet;
 That friend conſulted, flatteries apart,
 Will tell thee ſail, if thou art great, or mean. 240

To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
 Is that ambition? then let flames deſcend,
 Point to the center, their inverted ſpires:
 When blind ambition quite miſtakes her road,
 And downward pores, for that which ſhines above,
 Subſtantial happineſs, and true renown;
 Then, like an idiot gazing on the brook,

We

We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;
At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

AMBITION! powerful source of good and ill!
Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,
When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease
And swifter flight, transports us to the skies.
By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
It turns a curse; it is our chain, and scourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
Close-grated by the sordid bars of sense;
All prospect of eternity shut out;
And but for execution ne'er set free.

With error in ambition, justly charg'd,
Find we *Lorenzo* wiser in his wealth?

* Where, thy true treasure? gold says, "not in me,"
And, "not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor;

India's insolvent: seek it in thyself;

Seek in thy naked self, and find it there:

In being so descended, form'd, endow'd;

Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!

Erect, immortal, rational, divine!

In senses, which inherit earth and heavens;

Enjoy the various riches nature yields;

Far nobler! give the riches they enjoy;

Give taste to fruits; and harmony to groves;

Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire;

Take in at once the landscape of the world,

At a small inlet, which a grain might close,

And half create the wondrous world they see.

Our senses, as our reason, are divine.
 But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
 Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos still.
 Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint, 280
 Which beautifies creation's ample dome.
 Say then, shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,
 Superior wonders in himself forgot,
 His admiration waste on objects round,
 When heaven makes him the soul of all he sees?
 Absurd! not rare! so great, so mean, is man.

* WHAT wealth in senses such as these! what wealth
 In fancy, fir'd to form a fairer scene
 Than sense surveys! in memory's firm record,
 Which, should it perish, could this world recall, 290
 From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years!
 In colours fresh, originally bright
 Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!
 What wealth in intellect, that sovereign power!
 Which sense, and fancy, summons to the bar;
 Interrogates, approves, or reprehends:
 And from the mass those underlings import,
 From their materials sifted, and refin'd,
 Forms art, and science, government, and law.

* WHAT wealth in souls that soar, dive, range
 around, 300
 Disdaining limit, or from place, or time,
 And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
 Th' almighty fiat, and the trumpet's sound?
 Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view

What

What was, and is, and more than e'er shall be;
 Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
 Creations new, in fancy's field to rise;
 Souls, that can grasp what'er th' almighty made;
 And wander wild through things impossible!
 What wealth, in faculties of endless growth,
 In liberty to chuse, in power to reach,
 And in duration (how thy riches rise!)
 Duration to perpetuate—boundless bliss!

Ask you, what power resides in feeble man
 That bliss to gain? Is virtue's, then unknown?
 Virtue, our present peace, our future prize:
 Man's unprecious, natural estate,
 Improveable at will, in virtue, lies;
 Its tenure sure; its income is divine.

* **HIGH-BUILT** abundance, heap on heap! for what?
 To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
 Then make a richer scramble for the throng:
 Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long
 Almost by miracles is tir'd with play,
 Like rubbish, from dislodging engines thrown,
 Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly:
 Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes;
 New masters court, and call the former fool;
 (How justly?) for dependence on their stay.
 Wide scatter first, our play things, then, our dust.

* **Much** learning shows how little mortals know;
 Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy:

At best it baby's us with endless toys,
 And keeps us children till we drop to dust;
 As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
 They fail to find what they so plainly see;
 Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
 Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;
 But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
 And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

* How few can rescue opulence from want?

Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor;
 Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.
 Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,
 In debt to fortune, trembles at her pow'r.
 The man of reason smiles at her, and death,
 O what a patrimony, this! a being
 Of such inherent strength and majesty,
 Not worlds possess can raise it; worlds destroy'd
 Can't injure; which holds on its glorious course,
 When thine, O nature, ends; too blest to mourn
 Creation's obsequies. What treasure, this!
 The monarch is a beggar to the man.

IMMORTAL! ages past, yet nothing gone!
 Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
 Unshortned by progression infinite!
 Futurity for ever future! life
 Beginning still, where computation ends!
 'Tis the description of a deity!
 'Tis the description of the meanest slave.

IMMORTAL! what can strike the sense so strong,
 As this the soul? it thunders to the thought;

Reason

Reason amazes ; gratitude o'erwhelms ;
 No more we slumber on the brink of fate ;
 Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
 And breathes her native air ; an air that feeds
 Ambition high, and fans ethereal fires ;
 Quick-kindles all that is divine within us ;
 Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars.

IMMORTAL ! was but one immortal, how 370
 Would others envy ! how would thrones adore !
 Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost ?
 How this ties up the bounteous hand of heaven !
 O vain, vain, vain ! all else : eternity !
 A glorious, and a needful refuge, that
 From vile imprisonment in abject views.
 'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
 Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
 The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
 Eternity depending covers all ; 380
 Sets earth at distance, casts her into shades ;
 Blends her distinctions ; abrogates her pow'rs ;
 The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
 Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
 Make one promiscuous, and neglected heap.
 The man beneath ; if I may call him man,
 Whom immortality's full force inspires,
 Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought ;
 Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
 By minds quite conscious of their high descent, 390
 Their present province, and their future prize ;
 Divinely darting upward every wish,
 Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost.

Doubt you this truth? why labours your belief?
 If earth's whole orb, by some due-distant eye
 Was seen at once, her tow'ring alps would sink,
 And level'd Atlas leave an even sphere.
 Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire,
 Is swallow'd in eternity's vast round.
 To that stupendous view when souls awake,
 So large of late, so mountainous to man,
 Time's toys subside; and equal all below.

In spite of all the truths the muse has sung,
 Are there who wrap the world so close about them,
 They see no farther than the clouds; and dance
 On heedless vanity's phantastio toe,
 Till stumbling at a straw, in their career,
 Headlong they plunge, where end both dance, and song.
 Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
 Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts;
 Unconscious as the mountain of its ore,
 Or rock, of its inestimable gem?
 When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, these
 Shall know their treasure; treasure, then, no more.

Are there (still more amazing!) who resist
 The rising thought? who smother, in its birth,
 The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?
 Who thro' this bosom-barrier burst their way,
 And, with reverse ambition, strive to sink?
 Who labour downwards thro' the opposing power
 Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
 To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock

Of endless night? night darker than the grave's?
Who fight the proofs of immortality?

To contradict them see all nature rise!
What object, what event, the moon beneath,
But argues, or endears, an after-scene?
To reason proves, or weds it to desire?
All things proclaim it needful; some advance
One precious step beyond, and prove it sure.
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,
From heaven, and earth, and man. Indulge a few,
By nature, as her common habit worn.

Thou! whose all-providential eye surveys,
Whose hand directs, whose Spirit fills, and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's inhabitant august!
Of two eternities amazing Lord!
One past, ere man's, or angel's, had begun;
Aid, while I rescue from the foe's assault
Thy glorious immortality in man.

** NATURE, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of thee the great Immutable, to man,
Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme;
And he who most consults her, is most wise.
Look nature through, 'tis revolution all:
All change, no death. Day follows night; and night,
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example. See, the summer gay,
With

With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flow'rs, 450
 Droops into pallid autumn : winter grey,
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
 Blows autumn, and his golden-fruits away;
 Then melts into the spring; soft spring, with breath
 Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
 Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades :
 As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend:
 Emblems of man; who passes, not expires.

****** With this minute distinction, emblems just, 460
 Nature revolves, but man advances; both
 Eternal, that a circle, this a line.

That gravitates, this soars. Th' aspiring soul
 Ardent, and tremulous, like flame, ascends;
 Zeal, and humility, her wings to heaven
 The world of matter, with its various forms,
 All dies into new life. Life born from death
 Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll,
 No single atom, once in being, lost,
 With change of counsel, charges the Most High.

*** Matter, immortal? and shall spirit die? 470**
 Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
 Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
 No resurrection know? shall man alone,
 Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
 Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
 Is man, in whom alone is power to prize
 The bliss of being, or with previous pain
 Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate
 Severely doom'd death's single unredeem'd?

If nature's revolution speaks aloud,
 In her gradation, hear her louder still.
 Look nature thro', 'tis neat gradation all.
 By what minute degrees her scale ascends!
 Each middle nature join'd, at each extreme
 To that above it join'd, to that beneath:
 Parts into parts reciprocally shot,
 Abhor divorce: what love of union reigns!
 Here, dormant matter, waits a call to life;
 Half life, half-death join there; here, life and sense;
 There, sense from reason steals a glimmering ray;
 Reason shines out in man. But how preserv'd
 The chain unbroken upward to the realms
 Of incorporeal life? those realms of bliss,
 Where death hath no dominion? grant a make
 Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthly part,
 And part etherial; grant the soul of man
 Eternal; or in man the series ends,
 Wide yawns the gap, connexion is no more.

Of man immortal! hear the lofty style,
 "If so decreed, th' almighty will be done:
 "Let earth dissolve, yon ponderous orbs descend,
 "And grind us into dust: the soul is safe;
 "The man emerges; mounts above the wreck,
 "As tow'ring flame from nature's funeral pyre;
 "O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles;
 "His charter, his inviolable rights,
 "Well-pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,
 "Death's pointleß darts, and hell's defeated flames.

THE END OF THE SIXTH NIGHT.



NOTES on NIGHT VI.

Line

- 4 *M*itigation—Easing, softening
 25 Depredation—Preying on
 43 Transition—Passage
 54 Formidable—Dreadful
 61 Lapse—Slip away.
 84 Collate—Compare together
 93 A Contrast is, very different things placed in one view
ib. Deplored—Lamented
 99 Prefage—Forefight
 100 A *visto* is a view thro' a wood.
 113 Feculent—Foul
 122 Labyrinths—Mazes
 132 Dimensions—Size
 105 Illumined—Enlightend
 108 Ether—A substance much finer than air, supposed to fill all space
 110 Disseminated—Scattered up and down
 126 Phantom—Shadow, empty appearance
 155 Pre-eminent—Raised above them
 156 Prono—Looking downward
 163 Buys up—Rises up
 164 Sediment—What settles to the bottom
 166 Then only man is wiser and braver than the fox and lion
 168 Genius—Great parts

412 NOTES ON NIGHT VI.

Line

- 215 *Staffs or strings*—Offices or titles
 218 *Buskins*—Were anciently worn by actors in tragedy
 222 *Mummers*—Masquerading
 264 *Insolvent*—Unable to pay
 273 *Gold's fire*—The sun
 278 *The organ*—The eye
 279 *Chaos*—Heap of confusion
 281 *Dome*—Building
 293 *Portrait*—Living representation
 294 *Intellect*—The understanding
 296 *Interrogates*—Examines
 300 *Reprehends*—Reproves
 303 *Fiat*—The word whereby God made all things
 326 *Disploding engines*—Cannon
 328 *Fly diverse*—Fly different ways
 341 *Opulence*—Riches
 347 *A patrimony*—An estate
 348 *Inherent*—Fixt within
 352 *Obsequies*—Funeral
 356 *Progression*—Going forward
 382 *Abrogates*—Abolishes
 385 *Promiscuous*—Carelessly mingled together
 391 *Province*—Business
 393 *Absence*—Inattention
 397 *Alps, Atlas*—High mountains
 402 *Subside*—Sink down
 411 *Ore*—Metals not dug out
 437 *August*—Grand, reverend
 445 *Revolution*—Change after change
 459 *Chaplet*—Garland

455 *Favonian*



- Line
- 455 *Favonian*—Soft
- 462 *Gravitates*—Sinks downward
- 463 *Ardent and tremulous*—Warm and trembling
- 468 *Atom*—Smallest particle
- 481 *Gradation*—Rising step above step
- 486 *Reciprocally*—Into each other
- 488 *Dormant*—Lying as dead
- 493 *Incorporeal*—Spiritual, without a body
- 497 *Series*—The regular course, succession
- 501 *Ponderous*—Weighty
- 504 *A funeral pyre was the fire which consumed the dead*
body of a great man. The world on fire will
be nature's funeral pyre
- 505 *Devastation*—Ruin, destruction.



Night the Seventh.

The INFIDEL RECLAIM'D.

HEAV'N gives the needful, but neglected, call.

What day, what hour, but knocks at human
To wake the soul to sense of future scenes? [hearts,
The grave, our subterranean road to bliss :
Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it so :
Thro' various parts our glorious story runs ;
Time gives the preface, endless age unrolls
The volume, (ne'er unroll'd !) of human fate.

THIS, earth, and skies already have proclaim'd.
The world's a prophecy of worlds to come ; 10
And who, what God foretels, (who speak in things,
Still louder than in words) shall dare deny ?
If nature's arguments appear too weak,
Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in man.
If man sleeps on, untaught by what he sees,
Can he prove infidel to what he feels ?
Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life ;
Or, nature, there, imposing on her sons,
Has written fables ; man was made a lye.

WHY

WHY discontent for ever harbour'd there? 20
 Incurable consumption of our peace!
 Resolve me, why, the cottager, and king,
 He whom sea-fever'd realms obey, and he
 Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,
 Repelling winter's blast, with mud and straw,
 Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,
 In fate so distant, in complaint so near.

* Is it, that things terrestrial can't content?
 Deep in rich pasture, will thy flocks complain?
 Not so; but to their master is deny'd 30
 To share their sweet serene. Man, ill at ease,
 In this, not his own place, this foreign field,
 Where nature foddors him with other food,
 Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice,
 Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,
 Sighs on for something more, when most enjoy'd.
 Is heaven then kinder to thy flocks, than thee?
 Not so; thy pasture richer, but remote;
 In part, remote; for that remoter part 40
 Man bleats from instinct, tho', perhaps, debauch'd
 By sense, his reason sleeps, nor dreams the cause.
 The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes?
 His grief is but his grandeur in disguise;
 And discontent is immortality.

SHALL sons of Æther, shall the blood of heav'n,
 Set up their hopes on earth, and stable here,
 With brutal acquiescence in the mire?
 No, no, my friend: they shall be nobly pain'd;

The

166 NIGHT THE SEVENTH

The glorious foreigners distress, shall sigh 36
On thrones; and thou congratulate the sigh:
Man's misery declares him born for bliss;
His anxious heart asserts the truth I sing.

Our heads, our hearts, our passions, and our powers,
Speak the same language; call us to the skies.
Unripen'd these in this inclement clime,
Scarce rise above conjecture, and mistake;
And for this land of trifles, those too strong,
Tumultuous rise, and tempest human life;
What prize on earth can pay us for the storm? 60
Meet objects for our passions heav'n ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault, but in defect: blest heav'n! avert
A bounded ardor for undounded bliss;
O for a bliss unbounded! far beneath
A soul immortal, is a mortal joy.
Nor are our powers to perish immature;
But, after feeble effort here beneath,
A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,
Transplanted from this sublunary bed, 70
Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom.

* REASON progressive, instinct is complete;
Swift instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Was man to live co-eval with the sun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning still;

Yea,

Yet, dying, leaving his lesson half-unlearn't,
 Men perish in advance, as if the sun
 Should set ere noon, in eastern oceans drown'd.
 To man, why, stepdame nature, so severe?
 Why thrown aside thy master-piece half-wrought,
 While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy?

* Or, if abortively poor man must die,
 Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in dread?
 Why curst with foresight? wife to misery?
 Why of his proud prerogative the prey?
 Why less pre-eminent in rank than pain?—
 His immortality alone can tell,
 Full ample fund to ballance all amiss,
 And turn the scale in favour of the just.

* His immortality alone can solve
 That darkest of enigmas, human hope;
 Of all the darkest if at death we die.
 Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy,
 All present blessings treading under foot,
 Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair.
 With no past toils content, still planning new,
 Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.
 Possession, why, more tasteless than pursuit?

Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?
 That wish accomplish'd, why the grave of bliss?
 Because in the great future bury'd deep,
 Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
 Lies a' that man with ardor should pursue;
 And he who made him, bent him to the right.

MAN's heart th' **ATMIGHTY** to the future sets
 By secret, and inviolable springs;
 And makes his hope his sublunary joy.
 Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still;
 "More, more the glutton cries:" for something new
 So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
 He will descend. He starves on the possess.
 Hence the world's master, from ambition's spire,
 In *Caprea* plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.
 In that rank sty why wallow'd empire's son
 Supreme? Because he could no higher fly;
 His riot was ambition in despair.

SEE restless hope, for ever on the wing! 120
 ** High perch'd o'er ev'ry thought that falcon sits,
 To fly at all that rises in her sight;
 And never stooping, but to mount again!
 Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
 And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.

THERE should it fail us, (it must fail us there,
 If being fails) more mournful riddles rise,
 And virtue vies with hope in mystery.
 Why virtue? Where its praise, its being, fled?
 Virtue is true self-interest pursu'd; 130
 What, true self-int'rest of quite-mortal man?
 To close with all that makes him happy here.
 If vice, (as sometimes) is our friend on earth,
 Then vice is virtue, 'tis our sov'reign good.

THE rigid guardian of a blameless heart,

So

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So long rever'd, so long reputed wife,
 Is weak ; with rank knight-errandries o'er-run.
 Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
 Of gallant enterprize, and glorious death ?
 Die for thy country ?—thou romantic fool ! 140
 Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink !
 Thy country ! what to thee ? (I speak with awe)
 The god-head, what ? tho' he should bid thee bleed ?
 If, with thy blood, thy final hope is spilt,
 Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow,
 Be deaf ; preserve thy being ; disobey.

SINCE virtue's recompence is doubtful, here,
 If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
 Why is man suffer'd to be good in vain ?
 Why to be good in vain, is man injoin'd ? 150
 Why to be good in vain, is man betray'd ?
 Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
 By sweet complacencies from virtue felt ?
 Why whispers nature lyes on virtue's part ?
 Or if blind instinct (which assumes the name
 Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
 Why reason made accomplice in the cheat ?
 Why are the wisest, loudest in her praise ?
 Can man by reason's beam be led astray ?
 Or, at his peril, imitate his God ? 160
 Since virtue sometimes ruins us on earth,
 Or, both are true ; or, man survives the grave.

OR man survives the grave, or own, LORENZO
 Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.
 Dauntless

Dauntless thy spirit; cowards are thy scorn.
Grant man immortal; and thy scorn is just;
The man immortal, rationally brave,
Dares rush on death, — because he cannot die.
But if man loses all, when life is lost,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
* A daring infidel, (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical defect of thought)
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

WHEN, to the grave, we follow the renown'd
For valour, virtue, science, all we love,
And all we praise; for worth, whose noon-tide beam
Mends our ideas of ethereal pow'rs;
Dream we, that lustre of the moral world
Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close?
Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,
And strenuous to transcribe, in human life,
The mind ALMIGHTY? could it be, that fate,
Just when the lineaments began to shine,
Should snatch the draught, and blot it out for ever?
Shall we, this moment, gaze on God in man?
The next, lose man for ever in the dust?
From dust we disengage, or man mistakes;
And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw,
Wisdom, and worth, how boldly he commends?
Wisdom, and worth, are sacred names; rever'd;
Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!
Why not compassion'd too? If spirits die,
Both are calamities, inflicted both,

To make us but more wretched; wisdom's eye
 Acute, for what? To spy more miseries;
 And worth, so recompens'd, new points their stings;
 Or man the grave surmounts, or gain is lost,
 And worth exalted humbles us the more.
 Were then capacities divine conferr'd,
 As a mock-diadem, in salvage sport,
 Rank insult of our pompous poverty,
 Which reaps but pain, from seeming claims so fair?
 In future age lies no redress? and shuts
 Eternity the door on our complaint?
 If so, for what strange ends were mortals made?
 The worst to wallow, and the best to weep.
 Can we conceive a disregard in heaven,
 What the worst perpetrate, or best endure!

THIS cannot be. To love, and know, in man
 Is boundless appetite, and boundless pow'r;
 And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
 Objects, powers, appetites, heaven suits in all;
 Nor, nature thro', e'er violates this sweet,
 Eternal concord, on her tuneful string.
 Is man the sole exception from her laws?
 Eternity struck off from human hope,
 Man is a monster, the reproach of heav'n,
 A strain, a dark impenetrable cloud
 On nature's beautiful aspect; and deforms,
 (Amazing blot!) deforms her with her lord:

OR own the soul immortal, or invert
 All order. Go, mock majesty! go, man,

And bow to thy superiors of the stall;
 Thro' ev'ry scene of sense superior far;
 They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the stream
 Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unembitter'd
 With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs,
 Mankind's peculiar! reason's precious dow'r!
 No foreign clime they rack for their robes,
 Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar:
 Their good is good entire, unmixt, unmarry'd;
 They find a paradise in ev'ry field,
 On boughs forbidden, where no curses hang;
 Their ill no more than strikes the sense, unstretcht
 By previous dread, or murmur in the rear;
 When the worst comes, it comes unfeard: one stroke
 Begins and ends their woe: they die but once;
 Blest, incommunicable privilege?
 For which who rules the globe, and reads the stars, & so
 Philosopher, or hero, fights in vain.

ACCOUNT for this prerogative in brutes:
 No day, no glimpse of day to solve the knot,
 But what beams on it from eternity.
 O sole, and sweet solution! that unites
 The difficult, and softens the severe;
 The cloud on nature's beauteous face dispels;
 Restores bright order; casts the brute beneath;
 Are re-inthrones us in supremacy
 Of joy, ev'n here: admit immortal life,
 And virtue is knight-errantry no more:
 Each virtue brings in hand a golden dow'r,
 Far richer in reversion: hope exults;

And

NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

And tho' much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taste of heav'n.
O wherefore is the Deity so kind?
Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd below.

STILL unsubdu'd thy stubborn heart? For there
The traitor lurks, who doubts the truth I sing:
Reason is guiltless; will alone rebels.
What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find
New, unexpected witnesses against thee?
Ambition, and the fateless love of gain!
Can'st thou suspect that these, which make the soul
The slave of earth, should own her heir of heav'n?
Can'st thou suspect, what makes us disbelieve
Our immortality, should prove it sure?

FIRST, then, ambition summon to the bar:
Ambition's shame, extravagance, disgust,
And inextinguishable nature, speak:
Each much deposes; hear them in their turn.

THY soul how passionately fond of fame?
How anxious, that fond passion to conceal?
We blush detected in designs on praise,
Tho' for best deeds, and from the best of men:
And why? because immortal. Art divine—
Has made the body tutor to the soul:
Heav'n kindly gives our blood a moral flow;
Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
Which slops to court a character from man;

While o'er us, in tremendous judgment, sit
Far more than man, with endless praise, and blame.

* **AMBITION'S** boundless appetite out-speaks
The verdict of its shame. When souls take fire
At high presumptions of their own desert,
One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
The thunder by the living few begun,
Late time must echo; worlds unborn, resound:
We wish our names eternally to live
Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been eternal too.
Instinct points out an int'rest in hereafter;
But our blind reason sees not where it lies;
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.

* **FAME** is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow: soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Consult the ambitious; 'tis ambition's cure.
"And is this all?" cry'd *Cæsar* at his height,
Disgusted. This third proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The first in fame,
Observe him near, your envy will abate:
Sham'd at the disproportion vast between
The passion, and the purchase, he will sigh
At such success, and blush at his renown:
And why? because far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illustrious glory calls.

AND can ambition a fourth proof supply?
It can, and stronger than the former three.

Tho'

Tho' disappointments in ambition pain,
 And tho' success disgusts, yet still we strive
 In vain to pluck it from us : man must soar :
 An obstinate activity within,
 An insuppressible spring will toss him up,
 In spite of fortune's load. Not kings alone,
 Each villager has his ambition too :
 No *Sultan* prouder than his fetter'd slave :
 Slaves build their little *Babylon* of straw,
 Echo the proud *Affryan*, in their hearts,
 And cry, — "Behold the wonders of my might."
 And why ? because immortal as their lord :
 And souls immortal must for ever heave
 At something great, the glitter, or the gold ;
 The praise of mortals, or the praise of heav'n.

Thus far ambition. What says avarice ?
 This her chief maxim, which has long been thine,
 "The wise and wealthy are the same." I grant it.
 To store up treasure, with incessant toil,
 This is man's province, this is highest praise. 339
 To this great end keen instinct stings him on ;
 To guide that instinct, reason ! is thy charge ;
 'Tis thine to tell us where true treasure lies :
 But reason failing to discharge her trust,
 A blunder follows, and blind industry,
 O'er-loading, with the cares of distant age,
 The jaded spirits of the present hour,
 Providing for eternity below.

WHENCE inextinguishable thirst of gain ?
 From inextinguishable life in man : 340

Man, if not meant by worth to reach the skies,
 Had wasted wing to fly so far in guilt;
 Sour grapes! I grant ambition, avarice;
 Yet still their root is immortality.
 These its wild growths religion can reclaim;
 Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee,
 And make them sparkle in the bowl of bliss.

THE witnesses are heard, the cause is o'er;
 Let conscience file the sentence in her court;
 Thus, seal'd by truth, th' authentic record runs. 359

"Know all; know infidels,—unapt to know,
 "'Tis immortality your nature solves;
 "'Tis immortality decyphers man,
 "And opens all the mysteries of his make.
 "Without it, half his instincts are a riddle;
 "Without it, all his virtues are a dream;
 "His very crimes attest his dignity;
 "His fateless appetite of gold, and fame,
 "Declares him born for blessings infinite.
 "What, less than infinite, makes unabsurd 360
 "Passions, which all on earth but more inflames?
 "Fierce passions so mismeasur'd to this scene,
 "Stretch'd out, like eagles wings, beyond our nest,
 "Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
 "For earth too large, preface a nobler flight,
 "And evidence our title to the skies."

Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!
 Whole constitution dictates to your pen,
 Who, cold yourselves, think ardor comes from hell!

Think

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Think not our passions from corruption sprung, 370
 Tho' to corruption, now, they lend their wings;
 That is their mistress, not their mother. All
 (And justly) reason deem divine: I see,
 I feel a grandeur in the passions too,
 Which speaks their high descent, and glorious end;
 Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire:
 In paradise itself they burnt as strong,
 Ere Adam fell; tho' wiser in their aim.
 What tho' our passions are run mad, and sloop
 With low, terrestrial appetite, to graze 380
 On trash, on toys, dethron'd from high desire;
 Yet still, thro' their disgrace, no feeble ray
 Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell:
 But these, when reason moderates the rein,
 Shall reascend, remount their former sphere.

But grant their frenzy lasts; their frenzy fails
 To disappoint one providential end;
 Was reason silent, boundless passion speaks
 A future scene of boundless objects too,
 And brings glad tidings of eternal day. 390
 Eternal day! 'tis that enlightens all;
 And all by that enlighten'd, proves it sure.
 Consider man as an immortal being,
 Intelligible, all; and all is great;
 Consider man as mortal, all is dark,
 And wretched; reason weeps at the survey.

Much has been urg'd; and dost thou call for more?
 Call; and with endless questions be distress'd,
 All unresolvable, if earth is all.

" WHY

- " WHY life, a moment; infinite, desire?
 " Our wish eternity; our home, the grave?
 " Heaven's promise dormant lies in human hope;
 " Who wishes life immortal, proves it too.
 " Why happiness pursu'd, tho' never found?
 " Man's thirst of happiness declares it is;
 " (For nature never gravitates to nought;)
 " That thirst unquench'd declares it is not here.
 " Why cordial friendship rivetted so deep,
 " As, hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,
 " If friendly, and friendship vanish in an hour?
 " Is not this torment in the mask of joy?
 " Why by reflection marr'd the joys of sense?
 " Why past and future, preying on our hearts,
 " And putting all our present joys to death?
 " Why labours reason? instinct were as well.
 " Instinct far better; what can chuse, can err;
 " O how infallible the thoughtless brute!
 " Reason with inclination, why at war?
 " Why sense of guilt? why conscience up in arms?

" CONSCIENCE of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
 And bosom-counsel to decline the blow.
 Reason with inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
 If nothing future paid forbearance here.
 Thus on—these, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,
 All promise, some insure, a second scene;
 Which was it doubtful, would be dearer far
 Than all things else most certain; was it false,
 What truth on earth so precious as the lye?
 This world it gives us, let what will ensue

" This

This world it gives, in that high cordial, hope; 430
 The future of the present is the soul;
 How this life groans, when sever'd from the next!
 Poor, mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!
 By dark distrust his being out in two,
 In both parts perishes; life void of joy,
 Sad prelude of eternity in pain!

COULDEST thou persuade me, the next life would fail
 Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out
 My bleeding heart in anguish, new, as deep!
 Oh! with what thoughts, thy hope, and my despair, 440
 Abhorr'd ANNIHILATION blasts the soul,
 And wide extends the bounds of human woe!
 In this black channel would my ravings run:

" GRIEF from the future borrow'd peace, ere while.
 " The future vanish! and the present pain'd!
 " Fall, how profound! Hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
 " To night! to nothing! darker still than night.
 " If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worst foe? 450
 " O for delusion! O for error still!
 " Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant
 " A thinking being in a world like this,
 " Not over rich before, now beggar'd quite;
 " More curst than at the fall? the sun goes out!
 " The thorns shoot up! what thorns in ev'ry thought!
 " Why sense of better? it imbitters worse:
 " Why sense? why life? if but to fight, then sink
 " To what I was? twice nothing! and much woe!
 " Woe, from heav'n's bounties! woe, from what was
 " wont
 " To flatter most, high intellectual pow'rs.

" THOUGHT,

"Thought, virtue, knowledge & blessings, by thy
 "scheme,
 "All poison'd into pains. First, knowledge, once
 "My soul's ambition, now her greatest dread—
 "To know myself, true wisdom?—no, to shun
 "That shocking science, parent of despair!
 "Avert thy mirror; if I see, I die—

"Know my Creator? Climb his blest abode
 "By painful speculation, pierce the veil,
 "Dive in his nature, read his attributes;
 "And gaze in admiration—on a foe,
 "Obtruding life, with-holding happiness?
 "From the full rivers that surround his throne,
 "Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
 "Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease.
 "To curse his birth, nor envy reptiles more!
 "Ye fable clouds! ye darkest shades of night!
 "Hide him, forever hide him, from my thought;
 "Once all my comfort, source and soul of joy!

"Know his achievements! study his renown!
 "Contemplate this amazing universe,
 "Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete!—
 "For what! Mid miracles of nobler name,
 "To find one miracle of misery!
 "To find the being, which alone can know,
 "And praise his works, a blemish on his praise?
 "Thro' nature's ample range, in thought to stray
 "And start at man, the single mourner there,
 "Breathing high hope, chain'd down to pangs, and death!

KNOWING

" KNOWING is suffering: and shall virtue share? 490
 " The sigh of knowledge? virtue shares the sigh. 11A
 " By straining up the steep of excellent, 1M
 " By battles fought, and from temptation, won, 2
 " What gains she, but the pang of seeing worthy 3
 " Angelic worth; soon, shuffed in the dark 4
 " With ev'ry vice, and swept to brutal dust?"

" DUTY; religion! these, our duty done, 5
 " Imply reward. Religion is mistake: 6
 " Duty?—there's none, but to repel the cheat, 7
 " Ye cheats! away; ye daughters of my pride! 8
 " Who feign yourselves the fav'rites of the skies: 9
 " Ye tow'ring hopes! abortive energies! 10
 " That toss and struggle in my lying breast, 11
 " To scale the skies, and build presumption there; 12
 " As I were heir of eternity; 13
 " Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more. 14
 " As bounded as my being, be my wish. 15
 " All is inverted, wisdom is a fool: 16
 " Sense! take the rein; blind passion! drive us on; 17
 " And, ignorance! befriend us on our way; 18
 " Yes; give the pulse full empire; live the brute, 19
 " Since, as the brute, we die: the sum of man, 20
 " Of godlike man! to revel, and to rot."

* " BUT not on equal terms with other brutes? 21
 " Their revels a more poignant relish yield, 22
 " And safer too; they never poisons chuse. 23
 " Instinct, than reason, makes more wholesome meals, 24
 " And sends all-marring murmur far away. 25

" For

"For sensual life they best philosophize;

"Theirs, that serene, the sages sought in vain: 520

"'Tis man alone expatiates with heav'n,

"His, all the pow'r, and all the cause, to mourn,

"Shall human eyes alone dissolve in tears?

"And, bleed, in anguish, none but human hearts?

"The wide-stretch'd realm of intellectual woe,

"Surpassing sensual far, is all our own,

"In life so fatally distinguish'd, why

"Cast in one lot, confounded, lump'd, in death?

"And why then have we thought? to toil and eat,

"Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought.

"What superfluities are reasoning souls! 530

"Oh give eternity! or thought destroy.—

"But without thought our curse were half unsell!

"Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart;

"And therefore 'tis bestow'd. I thank thee, reason,

"For aiding life's too small calamities,

"And giving being to the dread of death.

"Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much

"For me, to trespass on the brutal rights?

"Too much for heav'n to make one emmet more? 540

"Too much for chaos to permit my mass

"A longer stay with essences unwrought,

"Unfashion'd, untormented into man?

"Wretched preferment to this round of pains!

"Wretched capacity of frenzy, thought!

"Wretched capacity of dying, life!

"Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (oh soul revolt!)

"Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.

"DEATH then has chang'd its nature too; O death;
 "Come to my bosom, thou best gift of heav'n!
 "Best friend of man! since man is man no more. 550
 "Why in this thorny wilderness so long,
 "Since there's no promis'd land's ambrosial bow'r?
 "But why this sumptuous insult o'er our heads?
 "Why this illustrious canopy display'd?
 "Why so magnificently lodg'd despair?
 "At stated periods, sure-returning, roll
 "These glorious orbs, that mortals may compute
 "Their length of labours, and of pains; nor lose
 "Their misery's full measure?—smiles with flow'rs,
 "And fruits promiscuous, ever-teeming earth, 560
 "That man may languish in luxurious scenes,
 "And in an Eden mourn his with'ring joys?
 "Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due
 "For such delights! blest animals! too wise
 "To wonder; and too happy to complain!

" ** Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene;
 "Why not a dungeon dark for the condemn'd?
 "Why not the dragon's subterranean den,
 "For man to howl in? why not his abode
 "Of the same dismal colour with his fate? 570
 "A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expence
 "Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
 "As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome,
 "Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high de-
 "If from her humble chamber in the dust, [fire,
 "While proud thought swells, and high desire inflames,
 "The poor worm calls us for her inmates there;

" And round us death's inexorable hand
 " Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no more
 " Undrawn no more? behind the cloud of death,
 " Once I beheld a sun; a sun which gilt
 " That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold: 580
 " How the grave's alter'd! fathomless as hell!
 " Annihilation! how it yawns before me!
 " Next moment I may drop from thought, from sense,
 " The privilege of angels, and of worms,
 " An outcast from existence! and this spirit,
 " This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
 " This particle of energy divine,
 " Which travels nature, flies from star to star, 590
 " And visits gods, and emulates their pow'rs,
 " For ever is extinguish'd. Horror! death!
 " Death of that death I fearless once survey'd;
 " When horror universal shall descend,
 " And heav'n's dark concave urn all human race,
 " On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
 " How just this verse? this monumental sigh!

Beneath the lumber of demolisht worlds,

Of matter, never dignify'd with life.

Here lie proud rationals; the sons of heav'n! 600

The lords of earth! the property of worms!

Beings of yesterday, and no to morrow!

Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd.

And art thou then a shadow? less than shadow?
 A nothing, less than nothing? to have been,
 And not to be, is lower than unborn.

Art thou ambitious? why then make the worm
 Thine equal? run thy taste of pleasure high?
 Why patronize sure death of every joy?
 Charm riches? why chuse beggary in the grave; 610
 Of ev'ry hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
 Dar'st thou persist? And is there nought on earth,
 But a long train of transitory forms,
 Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?
 Buobles of a fantastic Lord, blown up
 In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?
 Oh! for what crime, unmerciful LORENZO,
 Destroys thy scheme the whole of human race?
 Kind is fell Lucifer compar'd to thee:
 ORE spare this waste of being half divine; 620
 And vindicate th' oeconomy of heav'n.

HEAV'N is all love; all joy in giving joy;
 It never had created, but to bless:
 And shall it then strike off the list of life,
 A being blest, or worthy so to be?
 Heav'n starts at an annihilating God.

Is that, all nature starts at, thy desire?
 Art such a clod to with thyself all clay?
 What is that dreadful with?—the dying groan
 Of nature murder'd by the blackest guilt: 630
 What deadly poison has thy nature drank?
 To nature undebaucht no shock so great;
 Nature's first wish is endless happiness;
 Annihilation is an after-thought,
 A monstrous with, unborn, till virtue dies.

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And oh! what depth of horror lies inclos'd?
For non-existence no man ever wish'd,
But first he wish'd the Deity destroy'd.

THERE'S nought, thou sayst, but an eternal flux
Of feeble essences, tumultuous driv'n
Thro' time's rough billows into night's abyss.

Say, in this rapid tide of human ruin,
Is there no rock, on which man's tossing thought
Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,
And boldly think it something to be born?

Amid such hourly wrecks of being fair,
Is there no central, all-sustaining base,
All realizing, all connecting pow'r,
Which, as it call'd forth all things, can recall,

And force destruction to refund her spoil?
Command the grave restore her taken prey?
Bid death's dark vale its human harvest yield,
And earth, and ocean, pay their debt of man,

True to the grand deposit trusted there?
Is there no potentate, whose out-stretch'd arm
(When rip'ning time calls forth th' appointed hour)
Pluckt from foul devastation's famisht maw,

Binds present, past, and future, to his throne?
His throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,
By germinating beings clust'ring round,
A garland worthy the divinity!

A throne, by heav'n's omnipotence in smiles,
Built (like a Pharos tow'ring in the waves)
Amidst immense effusions of his love,
An ocean of communicated bliss,

THINK

THINK'ST thou omnipotence a naked root,
 Each blossom fair of DEITY destroy'd?
 Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; each soul
 That ever animated human clay,
 Now wakes; is on the wing: and when the call 670
 Of that loud trump collects us, round heav'n's throne
 Conglob'd we bask in everlasting day.

* How bright this prospect shines? how gloomy,
 A trembling world! and a devouring God! [thine?
 Earth, but the shambles of omnipotence!
 Heaven's face all stain'd with causeless massacres
 Of countless millions, born to feel the pang
 Of being lost. LORENZO, can it be?
 This bids us shudder at the thoughts of life.
 Who would be born to such a phantom world, 680
 Where nought substantial, but our misery?
 A world, where dark, mysterious vanity
 Of good and ill the distant colours blends,
 Confounds all reason, and all hope destroys;
 A world so far from great (and yet how great
 It shines to thee?) there's nothing real in it;
 Being, a shadow! consciousness, a dream!
 A dream how dreadful! universal blank
 Before it, and behind! poor man a spark
 From non-existence struck by wrath divine, 690
 Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment sure,
 'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding night,
 His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb.

RETRACT, blasphemer! and unriddle this,
 Of chdless arguments above, below,

Without us, and within the short residue,
 "If man's immortal, there's a God in heaven."
 Of nature, to this unbelieving hour.

But wherefore such redundancy? such waste
 Of argument? one sets my soul at rest;
 So just the skies, PHILANDER's life so pain'd,
 His heart so pure, that, or succeeding scenes
 Have palms to give, or he had ne'er been born.

I GRANT this argument is old; but truth
 No years impair; and had not this been true,
 Thou never hadst despis'd it for its age.
 Truth is immortal as thy soul; and fable
 As fleeting as thy joys: be wise, nor make
 Heav'n's highest blessing, vengeance: O be wise!
 Nor make a curse of immortality.

SAY, know'st thou what it is? or, what thou art?
 Know'st thou th' importance of a soul immortal?
 * Behold this midnight glory; worlds, on worlds!
 Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
 Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
 Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all;
 And calls th' astonishing magnificence
 Of unintelligent creation, poor.

FOR this, believe not me; no man believe;
 Trust not in words, but deeds; and deeds no less
 Than those of the SUPREME: nor his a few;
 Consult them all; consulted, all proclaim
 Thy soul's importance: tremble at thyself;

BY

For

NIGHT THE SEVENTH. 129

For whom omnipotence has wak'd so long;
Has wak'd and work'd for ages; from the birth
Of nature, to this unbelieving hour.

In this small province of his vast domain
What has God done, and not for this sole end,
To rescue souls from death? the soul's high price
Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.
The soul's high price is the creation's key, 730
Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays
The genuine cause of ev'ry deed divine:
That, is the chain of ages, which maintains
Their obvious correspondence, and unites
Most distant periods in one blest design:
That, is the mighty hinge, on which have turn'd
All revolutions, whether we regard
The nat'ral, civil, or religious, world;
The former too, but servants to the third:
To that their duty done, they both expire. 740

To lift us from this abject, to sublime;
This flux, to permanent; this dark, to day;
This foul, to pure; this turbid, to serene;
This mean, to mighty!—for this glorious end
Th' ALMIGHTY, rising, his long sabbath broke;
The world was made; was ruin'd; was restor'd;
Laws from the skies were publish'd; were repeal'd;
On earth kings, kingdoms, rose; kings, kingdoms, fell;
Fam'd sages lighted up the pagan world;
Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance 750
Thro' distant ages; saints travell'd; martyrs bled;

By

By wonders sacred Nature's self controuled.
 The living were translated; dead were rais'd;
 Angels, and more than angels, came from heav'n;
 That hollow'd page; fools scoff'd; and wags
 Of all these truths three venerable code!
 Deists perform your quarentines; and then,
 Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.
 Hence, heav'n looks down on earth with eye

NOR less intensely bent infernal pow'rs
 To mar, than those of light, this end to gain.
 O what a scene is here!—expand my soul,
 To take the vast idea: warring worlds,
 Of more than mortal! mounted on the wing!

High-hov'ring o'er this little brand of strife!
 This sublunary ball.—But strife, for what?
 In their own cause conflicting? no; in thine.
 In man's. His single int'rest blows the flame;
 His the sole stake; his fate the trumpet sounds,
 Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!
 Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms!

• THING not this fiction. "There was war in heav'n."
 * From heav'n's high cryстал mountain where it hung,
 Th' ALMIGHTY's out-stretcht arm took down his bow;
 And shot his indignation at the deep:
 Rethunder'd hell, and darted all its fires,
 And slumbers man, who singly caus'd the storm?

WHY this exertion? why this strange regard
 From heav'n's Omnipotent indulg'd to man?
 Because in man the glorious, dreadful pow'r

Extremely

Extremely to be pain'd, or blest, for ever.
 Duration gives importance; swells the price,
 An angel, if a creature of a day,
 What would he be? a trifle of no weight,
 Or stand, or fall; no matter which; he's gone.
 Because Immortal, therefore is indulg'd
 This strange regard of deity to dust.
 Hence, heav'n looks down on earth with all its eyes:
 Hence, the soul's mighty moment in its fight;
 Hence, clay, vile clay, has angels for its guard:
 Hence from all age the cabinet divine
 Has held high counsel o'er the fate of man.

Now have the clouds those gracious counsels hid;
 Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
 And Providence came forth to meet mankind
 In various modes of emphasis, and awe.
 He spoke his will, and trembling nature heard;
 He spoke it loud, in thunder, and in storm.
 Witness, thou Sinai! whose cloud-cover'd height,
 And shaken basis, own'd the present God:

Witness, ye billows! whose returning tide,
 Breaking the chain that fasten'd it in air,
 Swept Egypt, and her menaces, to hell:
 Witness, ye flames! th' Assyrian tyrant blew
 To sev'n-fold rage, as impotent, as strong:
 And thou, earth! witness, whose expanding jaws
 Clos'd o'er Presumption's sacrilegious sons.
 Has not each element in turn subscrib'd,
 The soul's high price, and sworn it to the wife?
 Has not flame, ocean, ether, earthquake, fire,
 Extremely

142 NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

To strike this truth, thro' adamantin man?
 And shall each toy be still a match for heav'n,
 And full equivalent for groans below?
 Who would not give a trifle to prevent,
 What he would give a thousand worlds to cure?

THE skies above proclaim immortal man,
 And man immortal all below resounds.
 The world's a system of theology,
 Read by the greatest strangers to the school,
 If honest, learn'd; and sages o'er a plough.
 What then is unbelief? 'tis an exploit:
 A strenuous enterprize: to gain it, man
 Must burst thro' ev'ry bar of common sense,
 Of common shame, magnanimously wrong;
 And what rewards the sturdy combatant?
 His prize, repentance; infamy, his crown.

BUT wherefore, infamy?—for want of worth.
 Down the steep precipice of wrong he slides,
 There's nothing to support him in the night.
 Faith in the future wanting, is, at least
 In embryo, ev'ry weakness, ev'ry guilt;
 And strong temptation ripens it to birth.
 If this life's gain invites him to the deed,
 Why not his country sold, his father slain?
 'Tis virtue to pursue good supreme; not you, and
 And his supreme, his only good is here.
 Ambition, av'rice, by the wise disdain'd,
 Is wisdom, if a tombstone covers all:
 These find employment, and provide for sense

A richer pasture, and a larger range;
 And sense by right divine ascends the throne,
 When reason's prize, and prospect is no more.

THE virtues grow on immortality,
 That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.

A DEITY believ'd will naught await;
 Rewards and punishments make God adore,
 And hopes and fears give conscience all her power.
 As in the dying parent dies the child,
 Virtue with immortality expires.
 Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
 Whate'er his boast, has told me, he's a knave.
 His duty 'tis, to love himself alone,
 Nor care tho' mankind perish, if he smiles.

AND are there such—Such candidates there are
 For more than death; for utter loss of being;
 Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n
 Fall'n from the wings of reason, and of hope!
 Erect in stature, prone in appetite,
 Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!
 Boasters of liberty, fast-bound in chains!
 More senseless than the irrational you scorn!
 Far more undone! O ye most infamous
 Of beings, from superior dignity
 And are you, too, convinc'd, your souls fly off
 In exhalation soft, and die in air,
 From the full flood of evidence against you?
 In the coarse drudgeries, and sinks of sense,

Your

144 NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

Your souls have quite worn out the make of heav'n
By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own.

THIS is free-thinking, unconfin'd to parts,
To send the soul, on curious travel bent, 870
Thro' all the provinces of human thought,
To dart her flight, thro' the whole sphere of man;
To look on truth unbroken, and entire,
Truth in the system, the full orb; where truths
By truths inlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
An arch-like, strong foundation, to support
Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete
Conviction; here, the more we press, we stand
More firm; who most examine, most believe.
Parts, like half-sentences, confound; the whole 880
Conveys the sense, and God is understood;
Who not in fragments writes to human race;
Read his whole volume, sceptic! then, reply.

THIS, this is thinking free, a thought that grasps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
Turn up thine eye, survey this midnight scene;
What are earth's kingdoms to yon boundless orbs,
Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range?
And what yon boundless orbs to godlike man!
Those num'rous worlds that throng the firmament, 890
And ask more space in heav'n, can rowl at large
In man's capacious thought, and still leave room
For ampler orbs; for new creations, there,
Can such a soul contract itself, to gripe
A point of no dimension, of no weight?

It can; it does; the world is such a point,
And of that point how small a part enslaves?

How small a part—of nothing, shall I say?

Why not?—friends, our chief treasure? how they drop!

* How the world falls to pieces round about us, 900

And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!

What says this transportation of my friends?

It bids me love the place where now they dwell,

And scorn this wretched spot, they leave so poor.

Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee;

Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of earth,

That rock of souls immortal; cut thy cord,

Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call ev'ry wind;

Eye thy great Pole-star: make the land of life.

Two kinds of life has double-natur'd man, 910

* And two of death; the last far more severe.

Life animal is nurtur'd by the sun;

Thrives on its bounties, triumphs in its beams.

Life rational subsists on higher food,

Triumphant in his beams, who made the day.

When we leave that sun, and are left by this,

(The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt)

'Tis utter darkness; strictly, double death.

We sink by no judicial stroke of heav'n,

But nature's course; as sure as plummets fall. 920

** If then that double-death should prove thy lot,
Blame not the bowels of the Deity:

N

Man

Man shall be blest, as far as man permits.
 Not man alone, all rationals heav'n arms
 With an illustrious, but tremendous, pow'r,
 To counter-act its own most gracious ends:
 And this, of strict necessity, not choice.
 That pow'r deny'd, men, angels, were no more
 But passive engines, void of praise, or blame.
 A nature rational implies the pow'r
 Of being blest, or wretched, as we please;
 Else idle reason would have nought to do;
 And he that would be barr'd capacity
 Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.
 Heav'n wills our happiness, allows our doom;
 Invites us ardently, but not compels;
 Man falls by man, if finally he falls;
 And fall he must, who learns from death alone
 The dreadful secret,—that he lives for ever.

WHY this to thee? thee yet perhaps in doubt
 Of second life: but wherefore doubtful still?
 Eternal life is nature's ardent wish;
 What ardently we wish, we soon believe:
 Thy tardy faith declares that wish destroy'd:
 What has destroy'd it?—shall I tell thee, what?
 When fear'd the future, 'tis no longer wish;
 And when unwish'd, we strive to disbelieve.

INSTEAD of racking fancy, to refute,
 Reform thy manners, and the truth enjoy.
 From purer manners, to sublimer faith,
 Is nature's unavoidable ascent;
 An honest deist, where the gospel shines,

Matur'd

NIGHT THE SEVENTH. 147

Matur'd to nobler, in the Christian ends,
 When that blest change arrives, e'en cast aside
 This song superfluous; life immortal strikes
 Conviction, in a flood of light divine.
 A Christian dwells, like Uriel in the sun;
 Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight;
 And ardent hope anticipates the skies.
 Read, and revere the sacred page; a page 960
 Where triumphs immortality; a page
 Which not the whole creation could produce;
 Which not the conflagration shall destroy;
 In nature's ruins not one letter lost:
 'Tis printed in the minds of gods for ever.

STILL seems it strange, that thou shouldst live for ever;
 Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?
 This is a miracle; and that no more.
 Who gave beginning, can exclude an end;
 Deny thou art, then, doubt if thou shalt be. 970
 A miracle, with miracles inclos'd,
 Is man! and starts his faith at what is strange?
 What less than wonders from the wonderful?
 What less than miracles from God can flow?
 Admit a GOD,—that mystery supreme!
 That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;
 Nothing is marvellous for him to do:
 Deny him—all is mystery besides.
 We nothing know, but what is marvellous;
 Yet what is marvellous, we can't believe. 980
 So weak our reason, and so great our God,
 What most surprizes in the sacred page,

Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true.
Faith is not reason's labour, but repose.

To faith, and virtue, why so backward man?
From hence ;—the present strongly strikes us all ;
The future, faintly : can we, then, be men ?
Reason is man's peculiar ; sense, the brute's.
The present is the scanty realm of sense ;
The future, reason's empire unconfin'd ; 990
On that expending all her godlike pow'r,
She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, there ;
Reason is upright stature in the soul,
Oh ! be a man ; and strive to be a God !

“ For what ? (thou sayst) to damp the joys of life ? ”
No ; to give heart and substance to thy joys.
That tyrant, hope ! mark, how she domineers ;
She bids us quit realities for dreams,
And plunge in toils, and dangers—for repose.
If hope precarious, and of things, when gain'd, 1000
Of little moment, and as little stay,
Can sweeten toils, and dangers into joys ;
What then, that hope, which nothing can defeat,
Our leave unask'd ? rich hope of boundless bliss !

This hope is earth's most estimable prize ;
Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here ;
Joy has her tears ; and transport has her death ;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' strong,
Man's heart, at once, inspirits and serenest ;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys ; 1010
'Tis

'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
 Health to the frame: and vigour to the mind!
 And to the modest eye chafis'd delight!
 Like the fair summer-evening, mild, and sweet!
 'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!

THE END OF THE SEVENTH NIGHT.

"For what? (thou say'st) to damp the joys of life?"
 No; to give heart and substance to thy joys;
 That tyrant, hope! (say'st) how the dominions;
 She bids us quit realms, to dreams,
 And plunge in rolls, and call for repose;
 If hope previsions, and of things when gain'd,
 Of little moment, and as little joy;
 Can sweeten rolls, and dangers into joys;
 What then, that hope, which nothing can defeat,
 One leaves much of rich hope of boundless bliss!
 This hope is earth's most estimable prize;
 Hope, of all passions, most beloved is here;
 Joy has her tears; and triumph has her death;
 Hope, like a coral, innocent tho' strong,
 Man's heart, at once, insipid and serene;
 Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joy;



NOTES on NIGHT VII.

- Line
- 28 **T**errestrial—Earthly
 - 56 Inclement—Unfavourable
 - 67 Immature—Unripened
 - 68 Effort—Endeavour
 - 72 Progressive—Gradually improving
 - 74 Zenith—Highest point of improvement
 - 77 Co-eval—Of the same age
 - 78 Patriarch—As old as one that lived before the flood
 - 84 Efforts—Effects of thy power
 - 85 Abortively—Like an abortion, or miscarriage
 - 94 Enigma—A riddle
 - 96 Assassin—Murderer
 - 116 Caprea—An island to which the Emperor **Tiberius**
retired, and abandoned himself to all manner
of vice
 - 137 Knight-errantry—Heroic madness
 - 182 Strenuous—Diligent
 - 231 Litigious—Quarrelsome
 - 255 Predominates—Is still uppermost
 - 320 The Assyrian—Nebuchadnezzar, Dan. iv.
 - 367 Theologues—Divines
 - 384 Moderates—Governors
 - 406 Gravitates—Is attracted by
 - 433 Mutilated—Maimed
 - 461 Intellectual—Depending on reason
 - 560 Promiscuous—Mingled together
 - 563 Subterranean—Under ground

Line

- 573 *Congruous*—Fit, suitable
~~574 *Inmates*—*Companions* in her lodging~~
587 *All-pervading*—Passing thro' all things
595 *Urn*—Bury
595 *Unrefunding*—Which gives not back
621 *Oeconomy*—Government
631 *Non-existence*—Not to be
654 *Deposite*—A thing intrusted
660 *Germinating*—Springing out
663 *A Pharos*—An high watch-tower
664 *Effusions*—Effects
702 *Palms*—Rewards
716 *Unintelligent*—Not indued with reason
734 *Obvious*—Plain
75 *Correspondence*—Agreement with each other
788 *Moment*—Importance
797 *In various strong and awful ways*
802 *Menaces*—Threatnings
803 *The Assyrian*—*Nebuchadnezzar*, *Dan. iii.*
809 *Elaer*—Air
810 *Adamantine*—Hard-hearted
817 *Theology*—Divinity
821 *Strenuous*—Laborious
823 *Magnanimously*—Courageously
830 Is the seed which contains every weakness
874 The whole of truth, as the various parts of it are
connected together
877 *Incumbent*—Lying upon them
912 *Nurtured*—Nourished, sustained
925 *Illustrious*—Glorious
991 *Expatiates*—Enlarges herself, ranges
1009 *Serenes*—Calms, quiets
1013 *Chastized*—Well regulated

Bound for eternity! in bosoms read
 And mark, and in heavy's register intolls
 The rise and progress of each option here;
 Sacted to doomday! that the page unfold
 And spreads the story of our kindred's fate.

Night the Eighth.

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY.

AND is thy soul immortal?—what remains?
 All, all, *Lorenzo*!—make immortals, bless'd
 Unbless'd immortals!—what can shock us more?
 And yet *Lorenzo* still affects the world!

Thy fond attachments dictate to my song,
 To thee, the world how fair! how strongly strikes
 Ambition, and gay pleasure stronger still!
 Thy triple bane! be these my triple theme!
 Nor shall thy wit, or wisdom, be forgot.

* *LORENZO*! since eternal is at hand,
 To smallow time's ambitions; as the vast
 Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
 High on the foaming billow; what avail
 High titles, high descent, attainments high?
 What grand surveys of destiny divine,
 Should roll in bosoms, where a spirit burns,

Bound

Bound for eternity! in bosoms read
 By him, who soibles in archangels' sees,
 On human hearts he bends a jealous eye,
 And marks, and in heav'n's register inrolls
 The rise and progress of each option there;
 Sacred to doomday! that the page unfolds,
 And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.

AND what an option, *O Lorenzo!* thine!
 This world! and this unrivall'd by the skies!
 A world, where lust of pleasure, grandeur, gold,
 Three demons that divide its realms between them,
 With strokes alternate buffet to and fro,
 Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball;
 Till, with the giddy circle, sick, and tir'd,
 It pants for peace, and drops into despair.
 Such is the world *Lorenzo's* wisdom woos,
 And on its thorny pillow seeks repose;
 A pillow, which, like opiates ill prepar'd,
 Intoxicates, but not composes; fills
 The visionary mind with gay chimeras,
 All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest:
 What unfeign'd travel, and what dreams of joy!

How frail, men, things! how momentary, both!
 Fantastic chace, of shadows hunting shadows:
 The gay! the busy! equal, tho' unlike;
 Thro' flow'ry meadows, and thro' dreary wastes,
 One bustling, and one dancing, into death.
 There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
 Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
 On

On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.
Amid disgust eternal, dwells delight?

'Tis approbation strikes the string of joy.

WHAT wondrous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and choaks us with the dust, 50
* On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave?
The proud run up and down in quest of eyes:
The sensual, in pursuit of something worse;
The grave, of gold; the politic, of power;
And all, of other butterflies, as vain.
As eddies draw things frivolous, and light,
How is man's heart by vanity drawn in;
On the swift circle of returning toys,
Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then ingulph'd,
Where gay delusion darkens to despair! 60

TURN the world's history; what find we there,
But fortune's sports, or nature's cruel claims,
Or woman's artifice, or man's revenge,
And endless inhumanities on man?
Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but like the knell,
It brings bad tidings. How it hourly blows
Man's misadventures round the list'ning world!
Man is the tale of narrative old time;
Sad tale! which high as paradise begins;
As if the toil of travel to delude, 70
From stage to stage, in his eternal round,
The days, his daughters, as they spin our hours,
Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells,

With

With now and then a wretched farce between;
And fills his chronicle with human woes.

TIME's daughters, true, as those of men, deceive us;
Not one but puts some cheat on all mankind;
While in their father's bosom, not yet ours,
They flatter our fond hopes, and promise much
Of amiable; but hold him not o'erwise,
Who dares to trust them; and laugh round the year,
At still confiding, still confounded man:
Confiding, tho' confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
And ever looking for the never-seen.
Life, to the last, like harden'd felons, lies;
Nor owns itself a cheat, till it expires;
Its little joys go out by one, and one;
And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night.

EARTH's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;
As mortal, tho' less transient than her sons;
Yet they doat on her, as the world, and they,
Were both eternal, solid; God, a dream.

* THEY doat, on what? Immortal views apart,
A region of outsidess! a land of shadows!
A fruitful field of flow'ry promises!
A wilderness for joys! perplex'd with doubts,
And sharp with thorns! a troubled ocean spread
With bold adventurers, their all on board;
No second hope, if here their fortune frowns;
Frown soon it must. Of various rates they sail,

Of ensigns various; all alike in this;
 All restless, anxious; toss'd with hopes and fears,
 In calmest skies; obnoxious all to storm;
 And stormy the most gen'ral blast of life:
 All bound for happiness; yet few provide
 The chart of knowledge, pointing where it lies;
 Or virtue's helm, to shape the course design'd:
 All, more or less, capricious fate lament,
 Now lifted by the tide, and now refo'ld,
 And farther from their wishes, than before;
 All, more or less, against each other dash,
 To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driv'n.

OCEAN! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
 Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
 Death's capital! where most he domineers,
 With all his chosen terrors frowning round,
 Tho' lately feasted high at Albion's cost,
 Wide op'ning, and loud-roaring still for more!
 Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
 The melancholy face of human life!
 The strong resemblance tempts me farther still:
 And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck
 By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,
 Which nature holds for ever at her eye.

SELF-FLATTER'D, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
 When young, with sanguine chear, and streamers gay,
 We cut our cable, launch into the world,
 And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
 All in some darling enterprize embark'd:

130

But

But where is he can fathom its event?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!
Some steer aright; but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof
Full against wind, and tide, some win their way;
And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
They strike; and, and while they triumph, they expire.
In stress of weather, most: some sink outright;
* O'er them and o'er their names the billows close;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born:
Others a short memorial leave behind;
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd,
It floats a moment, and is seen no more:
One Cesar lives, a thousand are forgot.
How few beneath auspicious planets born,
With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wishes freighted? yet even these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain:
They still are men; and when is man secure?
As fatal time as storm! the rush of years
Beats down their strength; their numberless escapes
In ruin end: and now their proud success
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
Their nests so deeply down'd, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars:
Woe then apart (if woe apart can be
From mortal man) the gay, rich, great, august,
What are they? smiling wretches of to-morrow!

More wretched, then, than e'er their slaves can be;
 Their treach'rous blessings, at the day of need,
 Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting:
 Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!
 What aggravated impotence in pow'r!
 High titles, then, what insult of their pain!
 If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,
 Immortal hope, defies not the rude storm,
 Takes comfort from the foaming billows' rage,
 And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.

THIS is a sketch of what thy soul admires,
 "But, here (thou say'st) the miseries of life
 "Are huddled in a group."—A more distinct
 Survey perhaps might bring thee better news.
 Look on life's stages; they speak plainer still;
 Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
 The best that can befall the best on earth;
 The boy has virtue by his mother's side;
 Yes, on Florello look; a father's heart
 Is tender, tho' the man's is made of stone;
 The truth, thro' such a medium seen, may make
 Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.

FLORELLO lately cast on this rude coast;
 A helpless infant; now a heedless child;
 To poor Clarissa's throes thy care succeeds;
 Care full of love, and yet severe as hate,
 O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns!
 Needful austerities his will restrain;
 As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm,
 As yet his reason cannot go alone.

NIGHT THE EIGHTH. 159

But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on!
 His little heart is often terrify'd;
 The blush of morning, in his cheek turns pale;
 Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye,
 His harmless eye! and drowns an angel there:
 Ah! what avails his innocence? the talk
 Injoin'd must discipline his early powers:
 He learns to fight, ere he has known to sin;
 Guiltless, and sad! a wretch before the fall!
 How cruel this! more cruel to forbear.

Our nature such, with necessary pains,
 We purchase prospects of precarious peace,
 Tho' not a father, this might steal a sigh.

SUPPOSE he now is disciplin'd aright,
 Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
 He leaps inclosure, bounds into the world;
 Alas! the world's a tutor more severe;
 Un-teaching all his virtuous nature taught,
 Or books (fair virtue's advocates!) inspir'd.

FOR who receives him into public life?

Men of the world! welcome the modest stranger,
 And in their hospitable arms enclose
 Men who think nought so strong of the romance,
 So rank knight-errant, as a real friend:
 Men that act up to reason's golden rule,
 All weakness of affection quite subdu'd:
 Men that would blush at being thought sincere,
 And feign, for glory, the few faults they want:
 See, the steel'd files of seasonal veterans
 Train'd to the world, in burnish'd falsehood bright;

All soft sensation in the throng rubb'd off;
 All their keen purpose, in politeness, sheath'd;
 At war with ev'ry welfare, but their own;
 As wise as *Lucifer*; and half as good;
 Naked, thro' these (so common fate ordains)
 Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,
 Stung out of all most amiable in life;
 Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles unfeign'd
 Affection as his species wide diffus'd;
 Ingenious trust, and confidence of love.

THESE claims to joy will cost him many a sigh;
 Till time and pains, and pausing, pale distrust,
 Purchase a dear-bought clue, to lead his youth
 Through serpentine obliquities of life,
 And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
 And happy! if the clue shall come so cheap:
 For while we learn to fence with public guilt,
 Full oft we feel its full contagion too,
 If less than heav'nly virtue is our guard.
 Thus a strange kind of curs'd necessity
 Bring down the sterling temper of his soul,
 By base alloy, to bear the current stamp.
 Below call'd wisdom: sinks him into safety;
 * And brands him into credit with the world;
 Where specious titles dignify disgrace,
 And nature's injuries are arts of life;
 Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes,
 And heav'nly talents make infernal hearts.

You say, the world well known, will make a man—
 The world well known, will give our hearts to heav'n—

Or make us demons, long before we die.
 To shew how fair the world, thy mistress, shines,
 Take either part, sure ill attends the choice.
 Not virtue self is desir'd on earth :
 Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes ;
 Foes that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate ;
 Virtue has her peculiar set of pains :
 True ; friends to virtue, last, and least, complain : 260
 But, if they sigh, can others hope to smile ?

AMBITION ! pleasure ! let us talk of these ;
 Dost grasp at greatness ? first, know what it is :
 Thinkst thou thy greatness in distinction lies ?
 Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,
 Is glory lodg'd : 'tis lodg'd in the reverse ;
 In that which joins, in that which equals all,
 The monarch, and his slave ;—" A deathless soul,
 Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
 A father God, and brothers in the skies ;"

WE wisely strip the steed we mean to buy ; 270
 Judge we, in their caparisons, of men ?
 It nought avails thee, where, but what thou art ;
 All the distinctions of this little life
 Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man :
 When, thro' death's streights earth's subtil serpents
 creep,
 Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,
 They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
 All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
 Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.

How mean that stuff of glory fortune's lights,
 And death puts out? dost thou demand a test,
 A test at once infallible and short,
 Of real greatness? that man greatly lives,
 Whate'er his fate or fame, who greatly dies;
 High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.

* TH' almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys
 Nought greater, than an honest, humble heart;
 An humble heart, his residence! pronounc'd,
 His second seat; and rival to the skies.
 The private path, the secret acts of men,
 If noble, far the noblest of our lives!
 How far above *Lorenzo's* glory sits
 Th' illustrious master of a name unknown;
 Whose worth unrival'd, and unwitness'd, loves
 Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men;
 And peace, beyond the world's conception, smiles!

THO' somewhat disconcerted, steady still
 To the world's cause, with half a face of joy,
Lorenzo cries, "Be, then, ambition cast;
 Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd,
 Gay pleasure! proud ambition is her slave:
 Who can resist her charms?"—Or, should? *Lorenzo*!
 What mortal shall resist, where angels yield?
 Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal powers;
 Pleasure's the mistress of the world below:
 How would all stagnate, but for pleasure's ray?
 What is the pulse of this so busy world?

The love of pleasure; that thro' every vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death from life.

Tho' various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleasure's gay family holds all in chains.
Some most affect the black; and some the fair;
Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark:
For her, the black assassin draws his sword;
For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight-lamp,
To which no single sacrifice may fall;
The Stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorn'd;
For her, affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears:
For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy,
And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death:
Thus universal her despotic pow'r.

PATRON of pleasure! I thy rival am;
Pleasure, the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name—
I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low:
Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flow'r.

THE love of pleasure is man's eldest-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
Wisdom, her younger sister, tho' more grave,
Was meant to minister, and not to mar
Imperial pleasure, queen of human hearts.

CANST thou plead pleasure's cause as well as I?
Know'st thou her nature, purpose, parentage?

Attend

NIGHT THE EIGHTH

Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all;
 And know thyself, and know thyself to be
 (Strange truth!) the most abstemious man alive.
 Absurd presumption! thou, who never knew'st
 A serious thought! shalt thou dare dream of joy?
 No man e'er found a happy life by chance;
 Or yawn'd it into being, with a wish;
 Or, with the snout of growling appetite
 E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
 An art it is, and must be learn'd; and learn'd
 With unremitting effort, or be lost;
 And leave us perfect blockheads, in our bliss.
 The clouds may drop down titles, and estates;
 Wealth may seek us: but wisdom must be sought,
 Sought before all: but never sought in vain.

FIRST, pleasure's birth, rise, strength, and grandeur see,
 Brought forth by wisdom, nurs'd by discipline,
 By patience taught, by perseverance crown'd.
 She rears her head majestic; round her throne,
 Erected in the bosom of the just,
 Each virtue, lifted, forms her manly guard:
 For what are virtues? (formidable name!)
 What, but the fountain, or defence, of joy?
 Great legislator! scarce so great as kind!
 If men are rational, and love delight,
 Thy gracious law but flatters human choice;
 In the transgression lies the penalty;
 And they the most indulge, who most obey.

Or pleasure, next, the final cause explore;
 Its mighty purpose, its important end,

Not to turn human, brutal, but to build
 Divine on human, pleasure came from heav'n;
 In aid to reason, was the goddess sent; (! divine agent)
 To call up all its strength by such a charm.
 Pleasure first succours virtue; in return,
 Virtue gives pleasure an eternal reign.
 What, but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
 Supports life natural, civil, and divine.
 It serves ourselves, our species, and our God;
 Glide then for ever, pleasure's sacred stream!
 Through Eden as Euphrates ran, it runs,
 And fosters ev'ry growth of happy life;
 Makes a new Eden, where it flows:—but such
 As must be lost, *Lorenzo*! by thy fall.

“WHAT mean I by thy fall?”—Thou'lt shortly see,
 While pleasure's nature is at large display'd;
 Already sung her origin, and ends.
 Those glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
 When pleasure violates, 'tis then a vice,
 And vengeance too; it hastens into pain.
 From due refreshment, life, health, reason, joy;
 From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death:
 Heav'n's justice this proclaims, and that its love.
 What greater evil can I wish my foe,
 Than his full draught of pleasure, from a cask
 Unbroach'd by just authority, ungaug'd
 By temperance, by reason uncheck'd?
 A thousand demons lurk within the lee.
 Heav'n, others, and ourselves! uninjur'd these
 Drink deep, the deeper, then, the more divine:

Angels are angels from indulgence there;
 'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.

Dost think thyself a god from other joys?
 A victim rather! shortly sure to bleed.
 The wrong must mourn: can heav'n's appointments
 Can man outwit Omnipotence? strike out
 A self-wrought happiness, unmeant by him
 Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?
 Heav'n bad the soul this mortal frame inspire;
 Bad virtue's ray divine inspire the soul,
 With unprecious flows of vital joy:
 And, without breathing, man as well might hope
 For life, as, without piety, for peace!

"Is virtue, then, and piety the same?"
 No; piety is more; 'tis virtue's source;
 Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy.
 With piety begins all good on earth;
 Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies;
 Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good,
 A feign'd affection bounds her utmost power:
 Some we can't love, but for th' Almighty's sake;
 * A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man;
 On piety, humanity is built;
 And, on humanity much happiness;
 And yet still more on piety itself.
 A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
 A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
 A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
 Each branch of piety delight inspires:

Faith

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

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Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next;
O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Pray'r ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory, on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in heav'n, and sets his foot on hell.

Art thou dejected? is thy mind o'ercast?
Thy gloom to chase, Go, fix some weighty truth;
Chain down some passion; do some gen'rous good;
Teach ignorance to see; or grief to smile;
Correct thy friend; befriend the greatest foe;
Or, with warm heart, and confidence divine,
Spring up, and lay strong-hold on him who made thee.
Thy gloom is scattered, sprightly spirits flow;
Tho' wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.

Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? wretched comforters!
Physicians! more than half of thy disease,
Laughter, tho' never censur'd yet as sin,
Is half-immortal. Is it much indulg'd?
By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
It shews a scorner, or it makes a fool;
And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
The house of laughter makes a house of woe;
What cause for triumph, where such ills abound?
What for dejection, where presides a pow'r,
Who call'd us into being to be blest?

So

So grieve, as conscious grief may rise to joy;
 So joy, as conscious joy to grief may fall;
 Most true, a wise man never will be sad;
 But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,
 A shallow stream of happiness betray;
 Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.

RETIRE, and read thy bible, to be gay. 460
 There truths abound of lov'ly reign and peace!
 Ah! do not prize them less, because inspir'd;
 If not inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood,
 Time's treasure! and the wonder of the wise!

BUT these, thou thinkst, are gloomy paths to joy;
 True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first;
 They, first, themselves offend, who greatly please,
 And travel only gives us sound repose.
 Heaven sells all pleasure; effort is the price;
 The joys of conquest, are the joys of man; 470
 And glory the victorious laurel spreads
 O'er pleasure's pure, perpetual, placid stream.

* THERE is a time, when toil must be preferred,
 Or joy, by mistim'd fondness, is undone.
 A man of pleasure is a man of pains.
 Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest;
 False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought;
 From thought's full bent, and energy, the true;
 And that demands a mind in equal poize,
 Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy. 480
 Much joy not only speaks small happiness,
 But happiness that shortly must expire.

Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand?
 And in a tempest can reflection live?
 Can joy like thine secure itself an hour?
 Can joy like thine meet accident unshock'd,
 Or ope the door to honest poverty?
 Or talk with threat'ning death, and not turn pale?
 In such a world, and such a nature, these
 Are needful fundamentals of delight: 490
 These fundamentals give delight indeed;
 Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
 Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine;
 A constant, and a sound, but serious joy.

Is joy the daughter of severity?
 It is: Yet far my doctrine from severe:
 "Rejoice for ever;" it becomes a man;
 Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods;
 "Rejoice for ever," nature cries, "Rejoice;"
 And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup, 500
 Mix'd up of delicacies for ev'ry sense;
 To the great Founder of the bounteous feast
 Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise;
 And he that will not pledge her, is a churl.
 Ill firmly to support, good fully taste,
 Is the whole science of felicity.
 Yet sparing pledge: her bowl is not the best
 Mankind can boast: A rational repast;
 Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
 A military discipline of thought, 510
 To foil temptation in the doubtful field;
 An ever-waking ardor for the right,

'Tis these first give, then guard a chearful heart;
 Nought that is right, think little; well aware,
 What reason bids, God bids: by his command,
 How aggrandiz'd the smallest thing we do!
 Thus nothing is insipid to the wife;
 To thee insipid all, but what is mad;
 Jeys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt.

LORENZO! wilt thou never be a man? 526
 The man is dead, who for the body lives,
 Lur'd by the beating of his pulse, to list
 With ev'ry lust, that wars against his peace,
 And sets him quite at variance with himself.
 Thyself first know, then love. A self there is
 Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms: 530
 A self there is, as fond of ev'ry vice,
 While ev'ry virtue wounds it to the heart;
 Humility degrades it, justice robs,
 Blest bounty beggars it, fair truth betrays, 535
 And godlike magnanimity destroys,
 Toss it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.
 And why? 'Tis love of pleasure bids thee bleed;
 Comply, or own self-love extinct or blind.

For what is vice? Self-love in a mistake;
 A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
 And virtue, what? 'Tis self-love in her wits,
 Quite skilful in the market of delight.
 Self-love's good sense is love of that dread pow'r,
 From whom herself, and all she can enjoy, 540

Other self-love is but disguis'd self-hate;
More mortal than the malice of our foes.

AND this self-love *Lorenzo* makes his choice;
Yet is his want of happiness betray'd
By disaffection to the present hour.
Imagination wanders far afield;
The future pleases: why? the present pains.
But that's a secret—Yes, which all men know;
And know from thee, discover'd unawares:
Thy ceaseless agitation, restless roll,
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause,
What is it?—'Tis the cradle of the soul;
From instinct sent, to rock her in disease,
A poor expedient! yet thy best; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it owns it too.

CONSISTENT wisdom ever wills the same;
Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
Sick of herself is folly's character;
As wisdom's is, a modest self-applause.
A change of evils is thy good supreme;
Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
Man's greatest strength is shewn in standing still:
The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd the true.
The true is fix'd, and solid, as a rock;
Slipp'ry the false, and tossing, as the wave:
'Tis love o'erflowing makes an angel here;

Such angels all, intitled to repose 579
 On him who governs fate. Tho' tempest frowns,
 Tho' nature shakes, how lost to lean on heav'n!
 To lean on him on whom archangels lean!
 With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
 They stand collecting ev'ry beam of thought;
 Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
 For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old
 In Israel's dream, come from and go to heav'n:
 Hence are they studious of sequestred scenes,
 While noise and dissipation comfort thee. 580

WERE all men happy, revellings would cease,
 That opiate for iniquitude within.
Lorenzo / never man was truly bless'd,
 But it compos'd, and gave him such a cast,
 As folly might mistake for want of joy;
 A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud;
 A modest aspect, and a smile at heart;
 A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
 And permanent as pure! no turbid stream
 Of rapt'rous exultation swelling high;
 Which, like land-floods, pour on, then sink at once.
 What does the man, who transient joy prefers?
 What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream?

VAIN are all sudden sallies of delight;
 Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy.
 Joy's a fix'd state; a tenor, not a start:
 Bliss there is none, but unprecious bliss:
 That is the gem; sell all, and purchase that.

Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal, as herself:
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.

Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
Wage war, and perish in intestine broils;
Not the least promise of internal peace!
No bosom comfort, or unborrow'd bliss;
Thy thoughts are vagabonds; all outward bound;
Mid sands, and rocks, and storms; to cruise for pleasure;
If gain'd, dear bought; and better miss'd than gain'd;
Much pain must expiate, what much pain procur'd.
Fancy, and sense, from an infected shore,
Thy cargo brings; and pestilence, the prize.

Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there
On angel wing, descending from above,
Which these, with art divine, would counterwork;
And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In this is seen imagination's guilt;
But who can count her follies? She betrays thee,
To think in grandeur, there is something great;
For works of curious art, and ancient fame;
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;
And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.
Hence what disaster?—Tho' the price was paid,
That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome
Detain'd thy dinner on the Latican shore;
And poor magnificence is starv'd to death;
Hence, just resentment, indignation, ire—

* PLEASURE, we both agree, is man's chief god;
 Our only contest, what deserves the name?
 Give pleasure's name to nought, but what has pass'd
 Th' authentic seal of reason, which defines
 The tooth of time; when pass'd a pleasure still;
 Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
 And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
 Our future, while it forms our present joy.

Some joys the future overcast; and some
 Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb:
 Some joys endear eternity: some give
 Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.
 Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
 Consult thy whole existence, and be safe;
 That oracle will put all doubt to flight:
 Be good,—and let heav'n answer for the rest.

YET, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
 In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
 The good man has his clouds that intervene:
 Clouds, that obscure his sublunary day,
 But never conquer. Ev'n the best must own,
 Patience, and resignation, are the pillars
 Of human peace on earth: remote from thee,
 Till this heroick lesson thou hast learn'd;
 To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain,
 Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss.
 Heav'n in reversion, like the sun as yet
 Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world;
 It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
 The glorious dawn of our eternal day.

Now

NIGHT THE EIGHTH. 175:

Now see the man immortal in him, I mean,
 Who lives as such; whose heart, full bent on heav'n,
 Leans all that way his brain to the stars.
 The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
 His lustre more; tho' bright, without a soil.
 Observe his awful portrait, and admire:
 Nor stop at wonder; imitate and live.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
 Behold him seated on a mount serene,
 Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
 All the black cares and tumults of this life,
 Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet;
 Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
 A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees
 Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
 His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
 What stronger demonstration of the right?

THE present all their care; the future, his;
 When public welfare calls, or private want,
 They give to fame; his bounty he conceals:
 Their virtues varnish nature; his exalt:
 Theirs, the wild chace of false felicities;
 His, the compos'd possession of the true;
 Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
 All of one colour, and an even thread;
 While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
 A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
 The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes, than theirs, what others see;
 Behold a fun, he spies a Deny;
 What makes them only smile, makes him adore;
 Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;
 An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain:
 They things terrestrial worship, as divine;
 His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust;
 That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
 Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound:
 Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
 He lays aside, to find his dignity:
 They triumph in externals, (which conceal
 Man's real glory) proud of an eclipse;
 He nothing thinks so great in man, as man;
 Too dear he holds his int'rest, to neglect
 Another's welfare, or his right invade;
 Their int'rest, like a lion's, lives on prey:
 They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
 Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heav'n,
 Nor stoops to think his injurer, his foe;
 Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace;
 A cover'd heart their character defends;
 A cover'd heart denies him half his praise:
 With nakedness his innocence agrees;
 While their broad foliage testifies their fall:
 Their no joys end, where his full feast begins:
 His joys create, their murder, future bliss:
 To triumph in existence, his alone;
 And his alone, triumphantly to think
 His existence is not yet begun:

His

His glorious course was, yesterday, compleat;
 Death, then, was welcome, yet life still is sweet.

* But nothing charms *Lorenzo*, like the firm,
 Undaunted breast :—And whose is that high praise?
 They yield to pleasure, tho' they danger brave,
 And shew no fortitude, but in the field;
 If there they shew it, 'tis for glory shown;
 Nor will that cordial always man their hearts:
 A cordial his sustains, that cannot fail:
 By pleasure unsubstu'd, unbroke by pain,
 He shares in that omnipotence he trusts:
 All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls,
 And, when he falls, writes *VICI* on his shield;
 From magnanimity, all fear above;
 From nobler recompence, above applause.

His appetite wears reason's golden chain,
 And finds, in due restraint its luxury;
 His passion, like an eagle well reclaim'd,
 Is taught to fly at nought, but infinite;
 Patient his hope, unanxious is his care.
 Those secondary goods that smile on earth,
 He, loving in proportion, loves in peace;
 They most the world enjoy, who least admire:
 His understanding 'scapes the common cloud
 Of fumes, arising from a boiling breast;
 His head is clear, because his heart is cool,
 Whence judgment sound, and unrepenting choice.
 Thus in a double sense the good are wise.
 Each,

EACH act, each thought, he questions, "What its weight,
Its colour, what a thousand ages hence?"—
And what it there appears, he deems it now!

AND, now, *Lorenzo*! bigot of this world!
Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by heav'n!
What art thou?—while thy glare, and worldly worth
Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most; 750
And, like a mist, is nothing when at hand:
His merit, like a mountain, on approach
Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,
By promise now, and by possession soon
(Too soon, too much, it cannot be) his own.

CANST thou be silent? No, for wit is thine;
And wit talks most, when least she has to say,
And reason interrupts not her career.
She'll say,—That mists above the mountains rise;
And with a thousand pleasantries amuse; 760
She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,
And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.

WIT, how delicious to man's dainty taste?—
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of sense;
But, as its substitute, a dire disease:
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by mankind,
Yet hated too; they think the talent rare.
Wisdom is rare, *Lorenzo*! wit abounds;
Passion can give it; sometimes wine inspires
The lucky flash; and madness rarely fails. 770

Whatever cause the spirit strongly flirs,
 Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown;
 Chance often hits it; and, to pique thee more,
 See dulness, blund'ring on vivacities.
 But wisdom, awful wisdom! which inspects,
 Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
 Seizes the right, and holds it to the last;
 How rare! In senates, synods, fought in vain;
 Or, if there found, 'tis sacred to the few.
 While a loud prostitute to multitudes,
 Frequent as fatal, wit. In civil life,
 Wit makes an enterprizer; sense, a man:
 Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume;
 The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves:
 Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;
 When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;
 Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still:
 Wit, widow'd of good sense, is worse than nought;
 It hoists more sail to run against a rock,

How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,
 Where Syrens sit, to sing thee to thy fall!
 Let not the cooings of the world allure thee;
 Which of her lovers ever found her true?
 Happy! of this bad world who little know;
 She gives but little; nor that little, long.
 There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse;
 A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
 That mantles high, that sparkles and expires,
 Leaving the soul more void than before;
 An animal ovation! such as holds

No

180 NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

No commerce with our reason, but subsists
On juices thro' the well-ton'd tubes, well-strain'd ;
A nice machine ! scarce ever tun'd aright ;
But when it jars, thy Syrens sing no more,
The demi-god is thrown beneath the man ;
In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair.

ART thou yet dull enough despair to dread,
And startle at destruction ? If thou art,
Accept a buckler, take it to the field ;
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart ; 810
A single sentence proof against the world ;
Soul, body, fortune ! ev'ry good pertains
To one of these ; but prize not all alike ;
The goods of fortune, to thy body's health,
Body to soul, and soul submit to God :
Wouldst thou build lasting happiness ? Do this :
Th' inverted pyramid can never stand.

Is this truth doubtful ? It outshines the sun ;
Nay, the sun shines not, but to shew us this,
The single lesson of mankind on earth. 820
And yet—Such numbers list against the right,
They talk themselves to something like belief,
That all earth's joys are theirs : as Athen's fool
Grinn'd from the port, on ev'ry sail his own.

THEY grin ; but wherefore ? and how long they
laugh ?
Half ignorance, their mirth ; and half, a lie :
To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they smile.

Had

NIGHT THE EIGHTH. 481

Hard either task! The most abandon'd own,
 That others, if abandon'd, are undone:
 Then, for themselves, the moment reason wakes, 830
 O how laborious is their gaitery!
 They scarce can muster patience for the farce;
 And pump sad laughter, till the curtain falls:
 Scarce, did I say? Some cannot sit it out;
 Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
 And shew us what their joy, by their despair.

THE clotted hair! gor'd breast! blaspheming eye!
 Its impious fury still alive in death!
 Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But heav'n denies
 A cover to such guilt; and so should man. 840
 Look round, *Lorenzo*! see the reeking blade;
 Th' envenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
 The strangling cord, and suffocating stream;
 The loathsome rottenness and foul decays
 From raging riot (flower suicides!)
 And pride in these, more execrable still! —
 How horrid all to thought! — But horrors, these,
 That vouch the truth, and aid my feeble song.

FROM vice, sense, fancy, no man can be bless'd;
 Bliss is too great to lodge within an hour;
 When an immortal being aims at bliss,
 Duration is essential to the name.
 O for a joy from reason! joy from that
 Which makes man, man; and, exercis'd aright,
 Will make him more: A bounteous joy! that gives
 And promises: that weaves, with art divine,

The richest prospect into present peace;
 A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death!
 A joy which death shall double! judgment, crown!
 Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage, 860
 Thro' bless'd eternity's long day; yet still,
 Not more remote from sorrow, than from Him,
 Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours
 So much of deity on guilty dust.

AFFECTS not this the fates of the world?
 Can nought affect them, but what fools them too?
 Eternity, depending on an hour,
 Makes serious thought man's wisdom, joy, and praise.
 Are you not wise?—You know you are: yet hear
 One truth, amid your num'rous schemes, mislaid; 870
 Our schemes to plan by this world, or the next,
 Is the sole difference between wise, and fool.
 All worthy men will weigh you in this scale:
 What wonder then if they pronounce you light?
 Is their esteem alone not worth your care?
 Accept my simple scheme of common sense:
 Thus save your fame, and make two worlds your own,

THE world replies not;—but the world persists;
 And puts the cause off to the longest day,
 Planning evasions for the day of doom; 880
 So far, at that re-hearing from redress,
 They then turn witnesses against themselves.
 Hear that, *Lorenzo*! nor be wise to-morrow:
 Haste, haste! a man by nature is in haste;
 For who shall answer for another hour?

“ Are

"Are all, then, fools?" *Lorenzo* cries: yes, all,
 But such as hold this doctrine (new to thee)
 "The mother of true wisdom is the will;"
 The noblest intellect, a fool without it:
 World-wisdom much has done, and more may do, 896
 In arts and sciences, in wars and peace;
 But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
 And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH NIGHT.

Make serious thought, wisdom, joy, and praise.
 Are you not wiser?—You know you are: yet hear
 One truth, and your own schemes, mistaid: 896
 Our schemes to plan for this world, or the next;
 Is the sole difference between wise and fool.
 All worldly men will wish you to this state:
 What wonder then, if they pronounce you right?
 Is their esteem alone your care?
 Accept my humble service, common sense:
 Thus have you found, and shall two worlds your own.



888
 And pursue the cause of the day of to-morrow;
 Planning evasions for the day of to-morrow;
 So far, at least, as hearing from to-morrow;
 They then turn wretchedly against themselves.
 Hear that, Lorenzo! not be wise to-morrow;
 Haste, haste! a man by nature is in haste;
 For who shall answer for another hour?

Are

NOTES on NIGHT VIII.

Line

- 8 **BANE**—Poison
 21 **Option**—Choice
 26 **Lust**—Desire
 28 **Alternate**—By turns
 35 **Intoxicates**—Makes drunk
 36 **Chimeras**—Whims, fancies
 107 **Chart**—Sea-Map
 109 **Capricious**—Fickle
 127 **Sanguine**—Joyful full of hope
 147 **Auspicious**—Lucky, favourable
 165 **Indigence**—Poverty
 174 **A group**—An heap
 198 **Discipline**—Exercise
 215 **Knight-errant**—A madman
 220 **Veterans**—Old Soldiers
 229 **Prompt**—Ready at the tongues end
 231 **Ingenuous**—Frank, undisguised
 235 **Serpentine obliquities**—Crooked windings
 239 **Contagion**—Infection
 242 **Sterling gold**, is pure, unmixt
 243 **Alloy**—A mixture of base metal
 253 **Demons**—Devils
 256 **Deified**—Wholly free from sin and pain

Line

- 270 *Caparisons*—Coverings, trappings
 274 *Cutaneous*—Skin deep
 306 *Stagnate*—Be unactive and motionless
 317 The *Stoics* of old taught, that pleasure was no good,
 and pain no evil
 322 *Despotic*—Sovereign, uncontrolled
 331—*Minister*—Serve
 332—*Imperial*—Reigning as an Empress
 337 *Most abstemious*—Practising the greatest self-denial
 345—*Unremitting*—Unceasing
 350 *Discipline*—Exact rules
 357 *Legislator*—Law-giver
 362 *The final cause*—The end or design
 370 *Civil life*—The life of society
 375 *Fosters*—Nourishes
 446 *Dissipating*—Scattering our thoughts
 454 *Conscious*—The grief or joy which we feel
 457 *Sonorous*—Noisy
 462 *Pregnant*—Big with sense
 469 *Effort*—Labour, struggle
 472 *Placid*—Calm, smooth
 498 *The Gods*—The angels
 500 *Nectarious*—Delicious
 309 *Exertion*—Putting forth all our strength
 511 *Ardor*—Earnestness
 516 *Aggrandized*—Greatened
 550 *Agitation*—Hurrying to and fro
 555 *Mitigates*—Lessens, softens
 579 *Sequestered*—Retired, private
 580 *Dissipation*—Whatever hurries us
 581 *Perennial*—Perpetual

186 NOTES ON NIGHT VIII.

Lines

589 *Turbid*—Thick, muddy

596 *A tenor*—Something that holds on evenly.

624 *Latian*—Italian

638 *Annihilation*—Sinking into nothing

646 *Sublunary*—Which passes on the earth

655 *Susceptible*—Capable of receiving it

660 *In contrast*—A term in painting, when the dark part sets off the bright

664 *Elevated*—Lifted up.

710 *Foliage*—A covering of leaves

728 *Vici*—I have conquered

749 *Glare*—Glitter, dazzling light

764 *The vehicle of sense*—Conveying sense

772 *The bays*—The Garland, the reward of wit

778 *Synods*—Councils

800 *An animal ovation*—A flow of spirits

817 *A pyramid is a square building, ending in a point at top. Inverted*—Turn'd upside down

845 *Suicide*—Self-murder

863 *Stupendous*—Wonderful

865 *Sages*—Wise men

889 *Intellect*—Understanding



Night

Night the Ninth.

The CONSOLATION.

AS when a traveller, a long day past
In painful search of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates awhile his labour lost;
Then chaunts his sonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due season calls him to repose:
Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men,
Warn'd by the languor of life's ev'ning ray,
At length, have hous'd me in an humble shed;
Where, future wand'ring banish'd from my thought, 10
And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest;
I chase the moments with a serious song:
Song sooths our pains; and age has pains to sooth.

WHEN age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart,
Torn from my bleeding breast, and death's dark shade,
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire;
Canst thou, O night, indulge one labour more?

One labour more indulge : then sleep, my strain !
 Till, haply, wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,
 Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow cease,
 To bear a part in everlasting lays ; 20
 Tho' far, far higher set, in aim, I trust,
 Symphonious to this humble prelude here.

HAS not the muse asserted pleasures pure,
 Like those above ; exploding other joys ?
 Weigh what was urg'd, *Lorenzo* ! fairly weigh ;
 And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still ?

GRANT joy and glory, quite unfully'd, shone :
 Yet still it ill deserves *Lorenzo's* heart :
 No joy, no glory, glitters in thy fight, 30
 But thro' the thin partition of an hour,
 I see its fables wove by destiny,
 And that in sorrow bury'd ; this, in shame ;
 While howling furies ring the doleful knell ;
 And conscience, now so soft, thou scarce canst hear
 Her whisper, echoes their eternal peal.

WHERE the prime actors of the last year's scene ;
 Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume ?
 How many sleep, who kept the world awake
 With lustre, and with noise ? Has death proclaim'd 40
 A truce, and hung his fated lance on high ?
 'Tis brandish'd still ; nor shall the present year
 Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
 Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needlss monuments to wake the thought;
 Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality,
 Tho' in a style more florid, full as plain,
 As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
 What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths
 Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble, 50
 The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?
 Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene;
 Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

"PROFEST diversions! cannot these escape?"—

Far from it: these present us with a shroud,
 And talk of death, like garlands o'er the grave.
 As some bold plunderers, for bury'd wealth,
 We ransack tombs for pastime; from the dust
 Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
 The scene for our amusement: how like Gods 60
 We sit; and, wrapt in immortality,
 Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;
 Their fate deploring, to forget our own!

** What is the world itself? thy world?—a grave?
 Where is the dust that has not been alive?
 The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
 From human mould we reap our daily bread:
 The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
 And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons;
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep; 70
 Whole bury'd towns support the dancer's heel:
 The moist of human frame the sun exhales;
 Winds scatter, thro' the mighty void, the dry;

Earth

Earth re-possesses part of what she gave,
 And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
 Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
 As nature wide, our ruins spread: man's death
 Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

****** NOR man alone; his breathing bust expires;
 His tomb is mortal: empires die: Where now
 The Roman? Greek? They stalk, an empty name!
 Yet few regard them in this useful light;
 Tho' half our learning is their epitaph.
 When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
 That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
 O death! I stretch my view; what visions rise!
 What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
 In wither'd laurels, glide before my sight!
 What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
 With human agitation, roll along!
 In unsubstantial images of air?
 The melancholly ghosts of dead renown,
 Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause,
 With penitential aspect, as they pass,
 All point at earth, and hiss at human pride.

*** BUT, O Lorenzo!** far the rest above,
 Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
 One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
 And shakes my frame: of one departed world
 I see the mighty shadow: Oozy wreath
 And dismal sea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
 Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms.

And

And bloated sons; and, weeping, prophecies
Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.

DELUGE and Conflagration, dreadful pow'rs!
Prime ministers of vengeance! chain'd in caves
Distinct, apart the giant-furies roar;
Apart; or, such their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd: 110
But not for this ordain'd their boundless rage;
When heav'n inferior instruments of wrath,
War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak
To scourge a world for her enormous crimes:
These are let loose, alternate: down they rush,
Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,
With irresistible commission arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
And ease creation of the shocking scene.

SEEST thou, *Lorenzo*! what depends on man? 120
The fate of nature; as, for man, her birth:
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt:
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd;
But not of waters? at the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take by storm 130
This poor terrestrial citadel of man;

AMAZING period! when each mountain-heighten
 Out-burns *Vesuvius*; rocks eternal pour
 Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
 Stars rush; and final Ruin fiercely drives
 Her ploughshare o'er creation!—while aloft
 More than astonishment! if more can be
 Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
 Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!
 Stars animate, that govern these of fire;
 Far other fun!—A sun, O how unlike
 The babe at Bethlem! How unlike the man
 That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet He it is;
 That man of sorrows! O how chang'd! What pomp!
 In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends!
 A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
 As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
 The scene divine, Tweeps stars and suns aside:
 And now, all dross remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
 Full on the confines of our ether, flames.
 While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath
 Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
 And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws
 Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

At midnight, when mankind is wrapt in peace,
 And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams,
 Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!
 The day is broke, which never more shall close!
 Above, around, beneath amazement all!
 Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
 Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!

All nature struggling in the pangs of death !
 Dost thou not hear her ? Dost thou not deplore
 Her strong convulsions, and her final groan ?
 Where are we now ? Ah me ! the ground is gone
 On which we stood, *Lorenzo* ! while thou mayst,
 Provide more firm support, or sink for ever !
 * Where ? How ? From whence ? Vain hope ! It is
 too late !

Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
 When consternation turns the good man pale ? 170

GREAT day ! for which all other days were made ;
 For which earth rose from chaos ; man from earth ;
 And an eternity, the date of Gods,
 Descended on poor earth-created man !
 Great day of dread, decision, and despair !
 At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
 Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world ;
 And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.
 Already is begun the grand assize,
 In us, in all : deputed conscience scales 180
 The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom ;
 Forestalls ; and, by forestalling, proves it sure.
 Why on himself should man void judgment pass ?
 Is idle nature laughing at her sons ?
 Who conscience sent, her sentence will support,
 And God above assert that God in man.

THRICE happy they, that enter now the court
 Heav'n opens in their bosoms : but, how rare !
 Ah me ! that magnanimity, how rare !

R

What

What hero, like the man who stands himself? 190
 Who dares to meet his naked heart alone?
 Who hears intrepid, the full charge it brings,
 Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?
 The coward flies; and flying, is undone.

SHALL all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
 For that great day, which was ordain'd for man?
 O day of consummation! mark supreme
 (If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,
 Or in the sight of angels, or their King!
 Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
 As in a theatre, surround this scene,
 Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
 Angels look out for thee: for thee, their Lord,
 To vindicate his glory, and for thee,
 Creation universal calls aloud,
 To dis-involve the moral world, and give
 To nature's renovation brighter charms.

SHALL man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,
 Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
 I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!
 All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!
 I see the Judge inthron'd! the flaming guard!
 The volume open'd! open'd every heart!
 A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!
 No patron! intercessor none! now past
 The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
 For guilt no plea! to pain, no pause! no bound!
 Inexorable, all! and all, extreme!

NIGHT THE NINTH.

Nor man alone; the force of God and man,
From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder scar'd;
Like meteors in a stormy sky, now roll
His baleful eyes! he curses whom he dreads;
And deems it the first moment of his fall.

'Tis present to my thought!—And, yet, where is it?
Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears!
Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!
Great end! and great beginning! Say, where art thou?
Art thou in time, or in eternity?
Nor in eternity, nor time, I find thee:
These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or un-arriv'd!)
As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd,
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of him, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) now hursting o'er his head;
His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd; calls his sons
From their long slumber; from earth's heaving womb
To second birth; upstarting from one bed;
He turns them o'er, eternity! to thee:
Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)
He falls on his own scythe; nor falls alone;
His greatest foes fall with him; time, and he
Who murder'd all time's offspring, death, expire.

TIME was! Eternity now reigns alone!
 And lo! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,
 With banners, streaming as the comets blaze,
 And clarions, louder than the deep in storms,
 Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and pow'rs,
 Of light, of darkness; in a middle field,
 Wide, as creation! there to mark th' event
 Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes
 De ain'd them close spectators, thro' a length
 Of ages, rip'ning to this grand result;
 Ages, as yet un-number'd, but by God;
 Who now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates
 The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

ETERNITY, the various sentence past,
 Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes
 Sulphureous, or ambrosial: What ensues?
 The Goddess, with determin'd aspect, turns
 Her adamant'ine key's enormous size
 Thro' destiny's inextricable wards,
 Deep-driving ev'ry bolt; on both their fates;
 Then from the crystal battlements of heav'n,
 Down, down, she hurls it thro' the dark profound,
 Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,
 And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
 The deep resounds, and hell, thro' all her glooms,
 Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

O now unlike the chorus of the skies
 O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
 The whole ethereal! how the concave rings!

No fancy'd God, a God indeed, descends
To throw full day on darken'd scenes of time;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole:
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
The charm'd spectators thunder their applause,
And the vast void beyond, applause, rebounds. 280

WHAT THEN AM I?—

Amidst applauding worlds,
And worlds celestial, is there found on earth,
A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,
Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains?
* All, all is right, by God ordain'd, or done;
And who, but God, resum'd the friends he gave?
And have I been complaining, then, so long?—
Complaining of his favours; pain, and death?
Who, without pain's advice, would e'er be good? 290
Who, without death, but would be good in vain?
Pain is to save from pain! all punishment,
To make for peace! and death to save from death;
And second death, to guard immortal life;
To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of souls another way;
By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd forman,
A fairer Eden, endless in the skies.

LET impious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd, 300
But chiefly then, when grief puts in her claim:
Joy from the joyous, frequently betrays,
Of lives in vanity, and dies in woe:
Joy, amidst ills, corroborates, exalts;

Is joy and conquest ; joy, and virtue looks
A noble fortune in ill's delight ;
Heav'n, earth, ourselves, to duty, glory, peace, and
Affliction is the good man's shining sword ;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray :
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man :
Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
And virtue in calamities, admire.
The crown of manhood is a winter joy,
An evergreen, that stands the northern blast,
And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.

UNFATHOMABLY deep our treasure runs
In golden veins, thro' all eternity !
Ages, and ages, and succeeding still
New ages, where this phantom of an hour,
Which counts, each night, dull slumber for repair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,
And fly thro' infinite, and all unlock ;
Where thou, not master of a moment here,
Fragile as the flow'r, and fleeting as the gale,
May'st boast a whole eternity, enrich'd
With all a kind omnipotence can pour :
Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninspir'd,
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,
How kind is God, how great (if good) is man,
No man too largely from his love can hope,
If what is hop'd he labours to secure.

ILLS ! — There are none : all-gracious ! none from thee ;
From man full many ! numerous is the race,
Of blackest ill, and those immortal too,

Begot by madness on fair liberty; : Scourge and scourge
 Heav'n's daughter, hell's daughter! Her hand alone
 Unlocks destruction to the sons of men;
 Fast barr'd by thine; high wall'd with adamant,
 Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
 And cover'd with the thunders of thy law. 340

* GREAT God of wonders! (if thy love survey'd,
 Aught else the name of wonderful retains)
 What rocks are these, on which to build our trust?
 Thy ways admit no blemish; none I find;
 Not one, to palliate peevish grief's complaint,
 Who dares to judgment call her judge.—Supreme!
 For all I bless thee; most, for the severe;
 Her death—my own at hand—the fiery gulph,
 That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
 It thunders;—but it thunders to preserve; 350
 It strengthens what it strikes; its whollome dread
 Averts the dreaded pain! its hideous groans
 Join heav'n's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise;
 Great source of good alone! how kind in all!
 In vengeance, kind! pain, death, gehenna, save.

Thus, in thy world material, mighty mind!
 Not that alone which solaces, and shines,
 The rough and gloomy, challenges our praise;
 The winter is as needful as the spring;
 The thunder, as the sun; a stagnate mass
 Of vapours breeds a pestilential air;
 Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
 To nature's health, than purifying storms.

MAN is responsible for ill, regain'd
 Those we call wretched are a chosen band,
 Compell'd to refuge in the right, for peace.
 Amid my list of blessings infinite,
 Stand this the foremost, That my heart has blest:
 'Tis heav'n's last effort of good will to man;
 When pain can't bless, heav'n quits us in despair. 370
 May heav'n ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
 Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
 By previous pain; and made it safe to smile:
 Such smiles are mine, and such may they remain;
 Nor hazard their extinction, from excess.
 My change of heart a change of style demands:
 The consolation cancels the complaint,
 And makes a convert of my guilty song.

WHAT then remains?—much, much! a mighty debt
 To be discharg'd: these thoughts, O Night! are thine;
 From thee they came,—And art thou still unsung. 380
 Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
 Immoral silence!—O majestic Night!
 Nature's great ancestor! day's elder born!
 And fated to survive the transient sun!
 A starry crown thy raven-brow adorns,
 An azure zone, thy waist; clouds, in heav'n's loom
 Wrought thro' varieties of shape and shade,
 In ample folds of drapery divine,
 Thy flowing mantle form, and heav'n throughout
 Voluminously pour thy pompous train;
 Thy gloomy grandeurs claim a grateful verse:

And,

And,

And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

THE soul of man, his face design'd to see,
Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,
Has here a previous scene of objects great,
To give her whole capacities that strength,
Which best may qualify for final joy:
The more our spirits are enlarg'd on earth, 400
The deeper draught shall they receive of heav'n.

HEAV'N's King! whose face unveil'd consummates
bliss;

(Redundant bliss!) which fills that mighty void,
The whole creation leaves in human hearts!
Thou, who didst touch the lip of Jesse's son,
Wrapt in sweet contemplation of these fires,
And set his harp in concert with the spheres!
While of thy works material the supreme
I dare attempt, allist my daring song;
Loose me from earth's inclosure, from the sun's 410
Contracted circle set my heart at large;
Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,
Creation's golden steps, to climb to thee:
Teach me with art great nature to controul,
And spread a lustre o'er the shades of night.

LORENZO! come, and warm thee: Thou, whose
Whose little heart, is moor'd within a nook [heart,
Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh!
Another ocean sails; a nobler port;

Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main;
 Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore;
 And whence thou may'st import eternal wealth;
 And leave to beggar'd minds the pearl and gold.
 Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms?
 Thou stranger to the world: thy tour begin;
 Thy tour through nature's universal orb:
 Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
 On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres:
 And man how purblind, if unknown the whole!

ABOVE our atmosphere's intestine wars,
 Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail,
 Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,
 The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
 That forms the crooked light'ning; 'bove the caves
 Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
 And tune their tender voices to that roar,
 Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;
 Above misconstru'd omens of the sky,
 Far-travell'd comets calculated blaze,
 Elance thy thought, and think of more than man
 Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrink,
 Blighted by blasts of earth's unwholesome air,
 Will blossom here; spread all her faculties
 To these bright ardors; ev'ry pow'r unfold,
 And rise into sublimities of thought.

THIS prospect vast, what is it?—weigh'd aright,
 'Tis nature's system of divinity,
 And ev'ry student of the night inspires

'Tis elder scripture, writ by God's own hand;
 Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man. 450

WHAT read we here?—Th' existence of a God?—

Yes; and of other beings, man above;

Natives of ether! Sons of higher climes!

Immortal lights! that govern these of fire!

And, what may move *Lorenzo's* wonder more,

Eternity is written in the skies;

And whose eternity? *Lorenzo!* Thine;

Mankind's eternity: nor faith alone,

Virtue grows here; here springs the sov'reign cure

Of pride, ambition, and impure desire. 460

Thou, to whom midnight is immoral noon,

And the sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day,

In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,

And lift thine eye (if bold an eye to lift,

If bold to meet the face of injur'd heav'n)

To yonder stars: for other ends they shine,

Than to light revellers from shame to shame.

****** *Why* from yon arch, that infinite of space,

With infinite of lucid orbs replete,

Which set the living firmament on fire, 470

At the first glance, in such an overwhelm

Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,

Rushes Omnipotence?—To curb our pride;

Our reason rouse, and lead it to that pow'r,

Whose love lets down these silver chains of light,

To draw up man's ambition to himself,

And bind our chaste affection to his throne:

Thus

Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
 And welcom'd on heav'n's coast with most applause,
 An humble, pure, and heavenly-minded heart,
 Are here inspir'd :—And canst thou gaze too long?

Nor stands thy wrath depriv'd of its reproof,
 Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir :
 The planets of each system represent
 Kind neighbours ; mutual amity prevails :
 Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd ;
 Attracting, and attracted ! patriot-like,
 None sips against the welfare of the whole ;
 But, their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
 Affords an emblem of millennial love.
 Nothing in nature, much less conscious being,
 Was e'er created solely for itself :
 Thus man his sov'reign duty learns in this
 Material picture of benevolence.

CANST thou descend from converse with the skies,
 And seize thy brother's throat ?—For what ?—A clod,
 An inch of earth ? The planets cry, " Forbear."
 They chase our double darkness ; nature's gloom,
 And, kinder still ! our intellectual night.

* AND see, day's amiable sister sends
 Her invitation, in the softest rays
 Of mitigated lustre ; courts thy sight,
 Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze :
 Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
 Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye ;

Night

Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,
Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart;
While light peeps thro' the darkness, like a spy;
And darkness shews its grandeur by the light: 510
Nor is the profit greater than the joy,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inspire delight.

THIS theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the first magnitude to launch
In endless speculation, and adore!
One sun by day; by night ten thousand shine;
And light us deep into the Deity,
How boundless in magnificence and might! 520
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns un-number'd, down the steep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centers in my sight!
Not faries there; I feel it at my heart;
My heart shudders, it humbles, and exalts;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
Who sees it, unexalted, and unaw'd?
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?
Material off-spring of Omnipotence!
Inanimate, all-animating birth! 530
Work worthy him who made it! worthy praise!
* All praise! praise more than human!—But the man,
With-holds his homage, not alone I wake,
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious anthem.

In this his universal temple, hung
 With lustres, with innumerable lights.
 * True; all things speak a God; but, in the small, I
 Men trace out him; in great, he seizes man:
 Seizes, and elevates, and raps, and fills 540
 With new inquiries, 'mid associates new:
 Tell me, ye stars! ye planets! say, proud arch!
 Built with divine ambition! in disdain
 Of limit built! built in the taste of heav'n!
 Vast concave! ample dome! wast thou design'd
 A meet apartment for the Deity?
 Not so; that thought alone thy state impairs,
 Thy lofty sinks, and shallows thy profound.

AND are there, then, *Lorenzo*! those, to whom
 Unseen, and unexistent, are the same? 550
 And if incomprehensible is join'd,
 Who dare pronounce it madness, to believe?
 ** Why has the mighty builder thrown aside
 All measure in his work; stretch'd out his line
 So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole?
 Then (as he took delight in wide extremes)
 Deep in the bosom of his universe,
 Dropt down that reasoning mite, that insect, man,
 To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene?—
 That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement 560
 For disbelief of wonders in himself.
 Shall God be less miraculous, than what
 His hand has form'd? Shall mysteries descend
 From un-mysterious? things more elevate
 Be more familiar? uncreated

More

More obvious than created, to the grasp
 Of human thought! The more of wonderful
 Is heard in him, the more we should assent:
 Could we conceive him, God he could not be;
 Or he not God, or we could not be men: 570
 A God alone can comprehend a God;
 Man's distance how immense! On such a theme,
 Nothing, but what astonishes, is true.
 The scene thou seest attests the truth I sing:
 These stars, this furniture, this coast of heav'n,
 If but reported, thou hadst ne'er believ'd;
 But thine eye tells thee, the romance is true!
 The grand of nature is th' almighty's oath,
 In reason's court, to silence unbelief.

How my mind, op'ning at this scene, imbibes 580
 The moral emanations of the skies!
 Has the great Sov'reign sent ten thousand worlds
 To tell us, he resides above them all,
 In glory's unapproachable recess?
 And dare earth's bold inhabitants deny
 The sumptuous embassy, a moment's audience?
 Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
 And glance from east to west, from pole to pole;
 Who sees, but is confounded, or convinc'd,
 Renounces reason, or a God adores! 590
 Mankind was sent into the world to see:
 Sight gives the science needful to their peace;
 That obvious science asks small learning's aid:
 Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinions soar?

Or travel history's enormous round?
 Nature no such hard task enjoins : she gave
 A make to man directive of his thought ;
 A make set upright, pointing to the stars,
 As who should say, " Read they chief lesson there."
 Too late to read this manuscript of heav'n, 600
 When, like a parchment-scroll, shrunk up by flames,
 It folds *Lorenzo's* lesson from his sight.

SEAS, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,
 The promontory's height, the depth profound
 Of subterranean, excavated grot
 Black-brow'd, and vaulted-high, and yawning wide
 From nature's structure, or the scoop of time;
 If ample of dimension, vast of size,
 Even these an aggrandizing impulse give;
 A solemn thought—But what of vast in these? 610
 Nothing;—(or we must own the skies forgot :)
 Much less in art.—Vain art! thou pigmy-pow'r!
 How dost thou swell, and strut, with human pride,
 To shew thy littleness? what childish toys,
 Thy watry columns squirted to the clouds!
 Thy bason'd rivers, and imprison'd seas!
 Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
 Thy hundred-gated capitals! or those
 Where three days travel left us much to ride,
 Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought, 620
 Arches triumphal, theaters immense,
 Or nodding gardens pendent in mid-air!
 Or temples proud to meet their Gods half-way!

Yet

Yet these affect us in no common kind;
 What then the force of such superior scenes!
 Enter a temple, it will strike an awe;
 What awe from this the Deity has built!
 A good man seen, tho' silent, counsel gives;
 The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise;
 In a bright mirror his own hands have made, 630
 Here we see something like the face of God!

And yet, so thwarted nature's kind design,
 By daring man, he makes the trembling stars
 See crimes gigantic, stalking thro' the gloom
 With front erect, that hide their head by day:
 Slumb'ring in covert, till the shades descend,
 Rapine, and murder, link'd, now prowl for prey:
 Now plots, and foul conspiracies, awake;
 And muffling up their horrors from the moon,
 Havock, and devastation they prepare, 640
 And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood:
 Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage:
 Why sleeps the thunder? now *Lorenzo*! now,
 His best friend's couch the rank adulterer
 Ascends secure; and laughs at Gods, and men:
 Prepost'rous madmen, void of fear or shame,
 Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of heav'n!
 Yet shrink, and shudder, at a mortal's sight,
 Were moon and stars, for villains only made?
 No; they were made to fashion the sublime 650
 Of human hearts, and wiser make the wise.

Those ends were answer'd once; when mortals liv'd
 Of stronger wing; of eagle's ascent;
 Those ancient sages, human stars, they met
 Their brothers of the skies at midnight hour;
 They took their nightly round, thro' radiant paths
 By seraphs trod; instructed chiefly thus
 To tread in their bright footsteps here below;
 Thro' various virtues they with ardor ran,
 In Christian hearts: O for a Pagan zeal!
 A needful, but opprobrious pray'r! as much
 Our ardor less, as greater is our light;
 How monstrous this in morals! Scarce more strange
 Would this phenomenon in nature strike,
 A sun that froze us, or a star that warm'd.

WHAT taught these heroes of the moral world?
 That narrow views betray to misery;
 That wise it is to comprehend the whole;
 That nature is the glass reflecting God,
 As by the sea reflected is the sun,
 Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere;
 That mind immortal loves immortal aims;
 That boundless mind affects a boundless space;
 That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
 The soul assimilate, and make her great;
 That therefore heav'n her glories, as a fund
 Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.

AND what more true? what truth of greater weight?

* The soul of man was made to walk the skies;
 Delightful outlet of her prison here!

There, disincumber'd from her chains, with ties, on T
 Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large; w agnott O
 There, freely can respire, dilate, extend, nious dert
 In full proportion let loose all her pow'rs; and r red T
 And, undeluded, grasp at something great: look hert T
 Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there; n; eapn; B
 But, wonderful herself, thro' wonders strays; n; eapn; T
 Contemplating their grandeur, finds her own: r hio; T
 Hence conscious of her birth celestial; breathes
 More life, more vigour, in her native air. 660.

LORENZO! much of moral hast thou seen;
 Of curious arts art thou more fond? then mark
 The mathematic glories of the skies:
 In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.
 Lorenzo's boasted builders, chance, and fate,
 Are left to finish his aerial tow'rs;
 Wisdom, and choice, their well-known characters
 Here deep-impress; and claim it for their own:
 Tho' splendid all, no splendor void of use;
 Use rivals beauty; art contends with pow'r; 700
 No wanton waste, amid effuse expence;
 The great Oeconomist adjusting all
 To prudent pomp, magnificently wise:
 How rich the prospect! and for ever new!
 And newest to the man that views it most;
 For newer still, in infinite succeeds:
 Then, these aerial racers, O how swift?
 How the mast loiters from the strongest string!
 Spirit alone can distance the career.
 Orb above orb ascending without end! 710

Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here;
 Thro' this illustrious chaos, to the light,
 Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.
 The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,
 Upbraids the lawless follies of mankind:
 Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
 They rove for ever, without error rove:
 Confusion unconfus'd! nor less admire
 This tumult untumultuous: all on wing.
 * In motion, all! yet what profound repose! 720
 What fervid action, yet no noise! as aw'd
 To silence by the presence of their Lord;
 Or hush'd, by his command, in love to man,
 And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,
 Restless themselves. On yon cerulean plain,
 In exultation to their God, and thine,
 They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,
 Eternal celebration of his praise:
 But, since their song arrives not at our ear,
 Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the sight 730
 Fair hieroglyphic of his peerless power:
 Mark, how, the labyrinthian turns they take,
 The circles intricate, and mystic maze,
 Weave the grand cypher of Omnipotence;
 To Gods, how great! how legible to man!
 * LEAVES so much wonder greater wonder still?
 Where are the pillars that support the skies?
 What more than Atlantean shoulder props
 Th' incumbent load? What magic, what strange art,
 In fluid air these ponderous orbs sustains? 740

Who

Who would not think them hung in golden chains?
 And so they are; in the high will of heav'n,
 Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,
 Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,
 Or nought of all; if such the dread decree.

IMAGINE from their deep foundations torn
 The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad
 And tow'ring Alps, all tost into the sea;
 And, light as down, or volatile as air,
 Their bulks enormous dancing on the waves, 750
 In time and measure, exquisite; while all
 The winds in emulation of the spheres,
 Tune their sonorous instruments aloft;
 The concert swell, and animate the ball:
 Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds, 755
 In a far thinner element sustain'd,
 And acting the same part, with greater skill,
 More rapid movement, and for noblest ends?

* THE boundless space, thro' which these rovers take
 Their restless roam, suggests the sister-thought 760
 Of boundless time. Thus, by kind nature's skill,
 To man unlabour'd, that important guest
 Eternity, finds entrance at the sight:
 And an eternity, for man ordain'd,
 Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors,
 The stars, had never whisper'd it to man.

CAN yonder moon turn ocean in his bed,
 From side to side, in constant ebb, and flow,
 And

And purify from stench his watry realms?
 And fails her moral influence? wants she power
 To turn *Lorenzo's* stubborn side of thought
 From stagnating on earth's infected shore?
 Fails her attraction when it draws to heaven:

Of higher spheres be then the call obey'd:
 O let me gaze!—of gazing there's no end:
 O let me think!—thought too is wilder'd here;
 How distant some of these nocturnal suns!
 So distant (says the sage) 'twere not absurd
 To doubt, if beams, set out at nature's birth,
 Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world;
 Tho' nothing half so rapid as their flight:
 To count the glories in this field of fire,
 Perhaps *Seraph's* computation fails.
 Now, go, ambition! boast thy boundless might
 In conquest, o'er the tenth part of a grain.

And yet *Lorenzo* calls for miracles,
 To give his tott'ring faith a solid base:
 Why call for less than is already thine?
 ** Say, which imports more plenitude of power,
 Or nature's laws to fix, or to repeal?
 To make a sun, or stop his mid-career?
 To countermand his orders, and send back
 The flaming courier to the frighted east,
 Or bid the moon, as with her journey tir'd,
 In *Ajalon's* soft, flow'ry, vale repose?
 Great things are these; still greater, to create.

From

From Adam's bow'r look down thro' the whole train
 Of miracles;—reflexless is their pow'r?
 They do not, can not, more amaze the mind,
 Than this, call'd un-miraculous survey.
 Say'st thou, "The course of nature governs all?"
 The course of nature is the art of God:
 The miracles thou call'st for, this attest;
 For, say, could nature nature's course controul?

**** BUT,** miracles apart, who sees him not,
 Nature's controul'er, author, guide, and end?
 Who turns his eye on nature's midnight face,
 But must inquire—"What hand behind the scene,
 "What arm almighty, put these wheeling globes
 "In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
 "Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
 "Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark profound,
 "Num'rous as glittering gems of morning-dew,
 "Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
 "And set the bosom of old night on fire.
 "Peopled her desert, and made horror smile?
 O let us join this army! joining these,
 Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
 When brighter flames shall cut a darker night;
 When these strong demonstrations of a God
 Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
 And one eternal curtain cover all!

O ye dividers of my time! ye bright
 Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
 In your fair kalendar distinctly mark'd!

Since

Since that authentic, radiant register,
 Tho' man inspects it not, stands good against him;
 Since you and years, roll on, tho' man stands still;
 * Teach me my days to number, and apply
 My trembling heart to wisdom; now beyond 830
 All shadows of excuse for fooling on:
 Age smooths our path to prudence: sweeps aside
 The snares, keen appetite, and passion, spread
 To catch stray souls; and woe to that grey head,
 Whose folly would undo, what age has done!
 Great Artist! Thou, whose finger set aright
 This exquisite machine, with all its wheels,
 Tho' intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
 Life's rapid, and irrevocable, flight,
 With such an index fair, as none can miss, 840
 Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd:
 Open mine eye, dread Deity! to read
 The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see
 Things as they are, un-alter'd thro' the glass
 Of worldly wishes: time! eternity!
 Set them before me; let me lay them both
 In equal scale, and learn their various weight:
 Let time appear a moment, as it is;
 And let eternity's full orb, at once,
 Turn on my soul, and strike it into heaven. 850

Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
 And let in manhood; let in happiness;
 Admit the boundless theatre of thought
 From nothing up to God; which makes a man:
 Take God from nature, nothing great is left;

Man's

Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees;
 Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;
 See thy distress! How close art thou besieg'd!
 Besieg'd by nature, the proud sceptic's foe!
 Inclos'd by these innumerable worlds, 860
 Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
 As in a golden net of providence,
 How art thou caught! sure captive of belief!
 From this thy blest captivity, what art,
 What blasphemy to reason sets thee free?
 This scene is heaven's indulgent violence:
 Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory?
 What is earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,
 But, faith in God impos'd, and press'd on man?
 God is a Spirit; Spirit cannot strike 870
 These gross, material, organs; God by man
 As much is seen, as man a God can see.
 In these astonishing exploits of power:
 What order, beauty, motion, distance, size!
 Apt means! great ends! consent to general good!
 Each attribute of these material gods,
 A separate conquest gains o'er rebel thought;
 And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.

RETIRE;—the world shut out; thy thoughts call
 Imagination's airy wing repress; [Home; 880
 Wake all to reason; let her reign alone;
 Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
 Of nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire.

- " WHAT am I? and from whence?—I nothing
 " But that I am; and, since I am, conclude [know,
 " Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
 " Nought still had been: eternal there must be:
 " But what eternal?—why not human race;
 " And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
 " That's hard to be conceiv'd; since every link
 " Of that long-chain'd succession is to frail;
 " Can every part depend, and not the whole?
 " Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;
 " Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—eternal too?
 " Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
 " Would want some other father:—much design
 " Is seen in all their motions, all their makes:
 " Design implies intelligence, and art;
 " That can't be from themselves—or man: that art
 " Man scarce can comprehend, could man below?
 " And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than man.
 " Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
 " Shot thro' vast masses of enormous weight?
 " Who bid brute matter's resistive lump assume
 " Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
 " Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,
 " Asserting its indisputable right
 " To dance, would form an universe of dust:
 " Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms,
 " And boundless flights, from shapeless, and reposed?
 " Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
 " Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
 " In mathematics? Has it fram'd such laws,
 " Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?

- " If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
 " Who think a clod inferior to a man?
 " If art, to form; and council, to conduct;
 " And that with greater far, than human skill;
 " Resides not in each block,—a Godhead reigns.—
 " Grant then, invisible, eternal, mind; 920
 " That granted, all is soly'd.—But, granting that,
 " Draw I not o'er me still a darker cloud?
 " Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
 " A being without origin, or end!
 " Hail, human liberty! There is no God.
 " Yet why? on either scheme the knot subsists:
 " Subsist it must, in God, or human race?
 " If in the last, how many knots beside,
 " Indissoluble all?—why chuse it there,
 " Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more? 930
 " Reject it; where that chosen, all the rest
 " Dispers'd, leave reason's whole horizon clear?
 " What vast preponderance is here? Can reason
 " With louder voice exclaim—Believe a God?
 " What things impossible must man think true,
 " On any other system? and how strange
 " To disbelieve, through mere credulity?"

If in this chain *Lorenzo* finds no flaw,
 Let it for ever bind him to belief:
 And, if a God there is, that God how great! 940
 How great that Power, whose providential care
 Thro' these bright orbs dark centres darts a ray!
 Of nature universal threads the whole!

T. 2. And

And hangs creation, like a precious gem,
Tho' little, on the footstool of his throne!

THAT little gem, how large! say, then, *Lorenzo*!
Where, ends this mighty building? where, begin
The suburbs of creation? where the wall
Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-existence, Nothing's strange abode! 950

Dread, bottomless, amazement! how it yawns!
How shuddering fancy sickens, and recoils!
And is it there *Lorenzo* hopes to dwell?
Say, at what point of space Jehovah dropp'd
His slacken'd line, and laid his ballance by;
Weigh'd worlds and measur'd infinite no more?
Where, rears his terminating pillar high
Its extra-mundane head? and says, to Gods,

In characters illustrious as the sun,
"I stand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce 960
"The work accomplish'd; the creation clos'd;
"Shout, all ye Gods! nor shout, ye Gods alone;
"Of all that lives, or if devoid of life,
"That rests, or rolls, ye heights, and depths, resound!"

HARD are those questions?—Answer, harder still.
Is this the sole exploit, the single birth,
The solitary son, of power divine?
Or has th' almighty Father, with a breath,
Impregnated the womb of distant space?
Has He not bid, in various provinces, 970
Brother creations the dark bowels burst
Of night primeval; barren, now, no more?
And He the central sun, transpiercing all

Those

Those giant generations, which disport,
 And dance, as motes, in his meridian ray;
 That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd,
 In that abyss of horror, whence they sprung,
 While chaos triumphs, repossess'd of all
 Rival creation ravish'd from his throne?
 Chaos! of nature both the womb, and grave! 980

CAN man conceive beyond what God can do?
 Nothing, but quite-impossible, is hard;
 He summons into being, with like ease,
 A whole creation, and a single grain.
 Speaks he the word? a thousand worlds are born!—
 A thousand worlds? there's space for millions more;
 And in what space can his great fiat fail?

STILL seems my thought enormous? Think again;—
 Experience self shall aid thy lame belief:
 Glasses (that revelation to the sight!) 990
 Have they not led us deep in the disclose
 Of fine-spun nature, exquisitely small;
 And, tho' demonstrated, still ill-conceiv'd?
 If, then, on the reverse, the mind would mount!
 In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,
 To keep the ballance, and creation poize?
 Stupendous Architect! Thou, Thou art all!
 My soul flies up and down in thoughts of Thee,
 And finds herself but at the centre still!
 I Am, thy name! existence, all thine own! 1000
 Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if styl'd
 "The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God,"

TELL me, how vast the world appears,
 Is not this globe a little ball,
 Of universal nature, that speak,
 Like fair Britannia in our little ball,
 Exceeding fair, and glorious for its size,
 But elsewhere, far out measure'd, far, and wide,
 Canst thou not figure it, canst thou not see,
 Too small for notice, in the vast of being,
 Sever'd by mighty seas of unbuild space,
 From other realms; from ample continents
 Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell.

YET why drown fancy in such depths as these?
 Return, presumptuous rover! and confess
 The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too small:
 Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen?
 Full ample the dominions of the sun!
 Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
 The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
 Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
 Farther, and faster, than a thought can fly,
 And seeds his planets with eternal fire.
 Beyond this city, why strays human thought?
 One wonderful, enough for man to know!
 One firmament, enough for man to read!
 Nor is instruction, here, our only gain;
 There dwells a noble pathos in the skies,
 Which warms our passions, protelytes our tears,
 How eloquently shines the glowing pole!
 With what authority it gives its charge,
 Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,

Tho'

NIGHT THE NINTH.

Tho' silent, (loud I heard earth around; above
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has its wonder, tho' too proud to praise.

* DIVINE instructor! thy first volume, this,
For man's perusal; all in capitals!
In moon, and stars (heaven's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to seize the sight; who runs, may read:
Who reads, can understand: 'tis unconfin'd
To christian land, or Jewry; fairly writ
In language universal, to mankind:
A language, lofty to the learn'd: yet plain,
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or from its husk, strike out the bounding grain!
A language, worthy the great mind, that speaks!
Preface, and comment, to the sacred page!
Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise!
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by thee: 1050

By thee much open'd, I confess, O Night!
Yet more I wish; say, gentle Night! whose beams
Give us a new creation, and present
The world's great picture, soften'd to the sight;
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
* Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
Worlds beyond number: worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud, and envious, star of noon!
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—and shew
The mighty potentate, to whom belong 1060
These rich regalia, pompously display'd?
O for a glimpse of him my soul adores!

221 NIGHT THE NINTH

As the chas'd heart, amid the desert waste,
Pants for the living stream; for him who made her;
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys: lay, Goddess! where?
Where blazes his bright court? where, burns his throne?
Thou know'lt; for thou art near him; by thee, round,
His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports
The sable curtains drawn: if not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
Who travel far, discover where he dwells?
A star his dwelling pointed out below:
Say, ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves
On which hand must I bend my course to find him?
These courtiers keep the secret of their King:
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.

IN ardent contemplation's rapid car,
From earth, as from my barrier, I set out:
How swift I mount! diminish'd earth recedes;
I pass the moon: and, from her further side,
Pierce heaven's blue curtain; pause at every planet,
And ask for him, who gives their orbs to roll;
From Saturn's ring, I take my bolder flight,
Amid those sovereign glories of the skies,
Of independent, native lustre, proud,
The souls of system!—What behold I now?
A wilderness of wonders burning round:
Where larger suns inhabit higher spheres;
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun:
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity:
Or, far beneath it, I am groveling still.

PAUSE,

PAUSE, then; and, for a moment, here respire,
 If human thought can keep its station here :
 Where now is earth ?—On nature's alps I stand,
 And see a thousand firmaments beneath !
 A thousand systems ! as a thousand grains !—
 So much a stranger, and so late arriv'd
 How can man's curious spirit not inquire,
 What are the natives of this world sublime,
 Of this so foreign, unterrestrial sphere,
 Where mortal, untranslated, never stray'd ?

" O ye, as distant from my little home,
 " As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly ;
 " Far from my native element I roam,
 " In quest of new, and wonderful, to man :
 " What province this, of his immense domain,
 " Whom all obeys ? or mortals here, or Gods ?
 " Ye borderers on the coasts of bliss ! what are you ?
 " A colony from heaven ? or, only rais'd,
 " By frequent visits from heaven's neighbouring realms,
 " To secondary Gods, and half-divine ?—
 " Far other life you live, far other tongue
 " You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
 " Than man : how various are the works of God !
 " But say, what thought ? is reason here enthron'd,
 " And absolute ? or sense in arms against her ?
 " Have you two lights ? or need you no reveal'd ?
 " Enjoy your happy realms their golden age ?
 " And had your Eden an abstemious Eve ?
 " Or, if your mother fell, are you redeem'd ?
 " And if redeem'd—is your Redeemer scorn'd ?

"Is this your final residence? if not,
 "Change you your scene, translated? or by death?
 "And if by death; what death?—Know you disease?
 "Or horrid war?—In our world, death deputed
 "Intemperance to do the work of age,
 "And hanging up the quiver nature gave him,
 "As slow of execution, for dispatch
 "Sends forth imperial butchers; bids them slay 1130
 "Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleec'd before).
 "And tols him twice ten thousand at a meal.
 "Sit all your executioners on thrones?
 "With you, can rage for plunder make a god?
 "And bloodshed wash out every other stain?—
 "But you, perhaps, can't bleed; from matter gross
 "Your spirits clean, are delicately clad
 "In fine-spun ether; privileg'd to soar,
 "Unloaded, uninfected: how unlike
 "The lot of man! how few of human race 1140
 "By their own mud unmurder'd! How we wage
 "Self-war eternal!—Is your painful day
 "Of hardy conflict o'er? or, are you still
 "Raw candidates at school? and have you there
 "Who disaffect reverberations, as with us?—
 "But what are we? you never heard of man,
 "Or earth; the bedlam of the universe!
 "Where reason, undiseas'd with you, runs mad,
 "And makes folly's children as her own;
 "Fond of the foulest: in the sacred mount 1150
 "Of holiness, where reason is pronounc'd
 "Infallible; and thunders, like a God.
 "But this how strange to you, who know not man?
 "

" * Has

" * Has the least rumour of our race arriv'd?
 " Call'd here Elijah, in his flaming car?
 " Past by you the good Enoch, on his road
 " To those fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd?
 " O! that the fiend had lodg'd on some broad orb
 " Athwart his way; nor reach'd his present home;
 " Then blacken'd earth with footsteps foul'd in hell."

" * But where is He, that o'er heaven's battlement
 The felon hurl'd to darkness? where is He, 1162
 Who sees creation's summit in a vale?
 Tell me, ye learn'd on earth! or blest above!
 Where, your great Master's orb? His planets, where?
 First-born of Deity! from central love,
 By veneration most profound, thrown off;
 By sweet attraction, no less strongly drawn;
 Aw'd, and yet raptur'd; raptur'd, yet serene;
 Past thought, illustrious; but with borrow'd beams;
 In still approaching circles, still remote, 1170
 Revolving round the sun's eternal fire?
 Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies
 To nations—in what latitude?—Beyond
 Terrestrial thought's horizon!—and on what
 High errands sent?—Here human effort ends;
 And leaves me still a stranger to his throne.

Full well it might! I quite mistook my road,
 Born in an age more curious, than devout;
 'Tis not the curious, but the pious path,
 That leads me to my point; Lorenzo! know, 1180
 Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
 Who

Who worship God, shall find him: humble love,
 And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
 Love finds admission, where proud science fails.
 Man's science is the culture of his heart;
 And not to lose his plummet in the depths
 Of nature, or the more profound of God:
 To fathom nature; (ill-attempted here!)
 Past doubt, is deep philosophy above;
 Higher degrees in bliss archangels take, 1190
 As deeper learn'd; the deepest, learning still:
 For, what a thunder of omnipotence
 Is seen in all? in man! in earth! in skies!
 Teaching this lesson, pride is loath to learn—
 "Not deeply to discern, not much to know,
 "Mankind was born to wonder and adore."

"O WHAT a root! O what a branch is here!
 "O what a father! what a family;
 "Worlds! systems! and creations!—and creations,
 "In one agglomerated cluster, hung, 1200
 "Great Vine! on thee: on thee the cluster hangs;
 "The filial cluster! infinitely spread
 "In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
 "Or, shall I say (for who can say enough?)
 "A constellation of ten thousand gems,
 "Set in one signet, flames on the right hand,
 "Of majesty divine! the blazing seal,
 "That deeply stamps, on all created mind,
 "Indelible, his sovereign attributes
 "Omnipotence and love: nor stop we here, 1210
 "For want of power in God, but thought in man."

" If greater aught, that greater all is thine,
 " Dread fire! — Accept this miniature of thee;
 " And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,
 " In which archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd."

O THOU, ambitious of disgrace alone!
 Rank coward to the fashionable world!
 Art thou asham'd to bend thy knee to heaven?
 Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,
 Were half so sad, as one benighted mind, 1220
 Which gropes for happiness, and meets despair.
 How, like a widow in her weeds, the night,
 Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!
 How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
 Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene!
 A scene more sad sin makes the darken'd soul;
 All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

Tho' blind of heart, still open is thine eye;
 Why such magnificence in all thou seest?
 Of matter's grandeur, know, one end is this, 1220
 To tell the rational, who gazes on it —
 * Tho' that immensely great, still greater he,
 Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
 Unburthen'd, nature's universal scheme;
 Can grasp creation with a single thought;
 Creation grasp; and not exclude its fire, —
 To tell him farther — It behoves him much
 To guard the important, yet depending, fate
 Of being, brighter than a thousand suns;
 One single ray of thought outshines them all." — 1240

And

And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar
 Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
 Rising, where thought is now deny'd to rise,
 Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.

BUT think not thou hast heard all this from me;
 My song but echoes what great nature speaks:
 Thus speaks for ever:—Place, at nature's head,
 A sovereign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,
 Extends his wing, diffuses endless good;
 To whom, for sure redress, the wrong'd may fly; 1250
 The vile, for mercy; and the pain'd, for peace;
 By whom, the various tenants of those spheres,
 Diversify'd in fortunes, place, and pow'rs,
 Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,
 Arrive at length, at that blest fountain-head,
 Where conflict past redoubles present joy;
 And present joy looks forward on increase;
 And that, on more; no period! every step
 A double boon! a promise, and a bliss.
 How easy fits this scheme on human hearts! 1300
 It suits their make; it soothes their vast desires;
 Passion is pleas'd; and reason asks no more;
 'Tis rational! 'tis great!—But what is thine?
 It darkens! throbs! exerts! and confounds!
 Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,
 Sinking from bad to worse; few years, the sport
 Of fortune; then, the morsel of despair,
 O Thou most awful being! and most vain!
 Thy will, how frail! how glorious is thy power!

NIGHT THE NINTH.

231

Tho' dread eternity has sown her seeds
Of bliss, and woe, in thy despotic breast;
Tho' heaven, and hell, depend upon thy thought,
A butterfly comes cross, and both are fled.]

My solemn night-born adjuration hear;
Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust;

* By silence, death's peculiar attribute:

By darkness, guilt's inevitable doom:

By darkness, and by silence, sisters dread!

That draw the curtain round night's ebony throne,

And raise ideas, solemn as the scene;

By night, and all of awful, night presents

To thought, or sense, by these her trembling fires,

By these bright orators, that prove and praise,

And press thee to revere, the Deity.

Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd a while,

To reach his throne; as stages of the soul,

Thro' which, at different periods, she shall pass,

Refining gradual, for her final height;

And purging off some dross at every sphere:

By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world:

By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renown'd,

From short ambition's zenith set for ever;

By the long list of swift mortality,

From Adam downward to this evening's knell,

Which midnight waves in fancy's startled eye;

And shocks her with a hundred centuries

Round death's black banner throng'd, in human
thought:

By thousands, now, resigning their last breath,

And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear:
 By tombs o'er tombs arising, human earth ¹³⁰⁰
 Ejected, to make room for—human earth;
 By pompous obsequies, that shun the day,
 The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,
 Boast of our ruin! triumph of our dust!
 By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;
 And the pale lamp, that shews the ghastly dead,
 More ghastly thro' the thick-incumbent gloom:
 By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
 The gliding spectre! and the groaning grove!
 By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan ¹³¹⁰
 For the grave's shelter: by desponding men,
 Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt:
 By guilt's last audit: by yon moon in blood,
 The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
 And thunder's last discharge, great nature's knell!
 By second chaos; and eternal night—
 Be wise—nor let *Philander* blame my charm;
 But own not ill-discharg'd my double debt,
 Love to the living; duty to the dead.

But oh!—my spirits fail!—sleep's dewy wand ¹³²⁰
 Has strok'd my drooping lids to soft repose:
 Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's cot;
 The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,
 Whence sorrow never chas'd thee: with thee bring
 Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts
 Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest;
 Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
 That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play,

The various movements of this nice machine,
 Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
 Fresh we spin on, 'till sickness clogs our wheels,
 Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.
 When will it end with me?

— Thou only know'st,
 Thou, whose broad eye the future and the past
 Joins to the present; thou, and thou alone,
 All-knowing!—all unknown! and yet well known!
 Thee, tho' invisible, for ever seen!

And seen in all! the great, and the minute,
 Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
 Each flower, each leaf, with its small people swarming,
 To the first thought, that asks, from whence? declare
 Their common source, thou fountain running o'er
 In rivers of communicated joy!

Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes!
 Say, by what name shall I presume to call
 Him I see burning in these countless fans,
 As Moses, in the bush? illustrious mind!
 How shall I name thee?—how my labouring soul
 Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!

Great system of perfections! mighty cause
 Of nature, that luxuriant growth of God,
 Father of this immeasurable mass
 Of matter multiform: mov'd, or at rest:
 Father of these bright millions of the night!
 Of which the least full Godhead had proclaim'd,
 Father of matter's temporary lords!

Father of spirits! nobler offspring! sparks
 Of high paternal glory; rich-endow'd
 With various measures, and with various modes
 Of instinct, reason, intuition; beams
 More pale, or bright from day divine, that rise
 Each over other in superior light,
 Till the last ripens into lustre strong
 Of next approach to Godhead: Father kind
 Of intellectual beings! beings blest
 With powers to please thee: not of passive ply
 To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in seats
 Of well-adapted joys; in different domes
 Of this imperial palace for thy sons.
 Or, oh! indulge, immortal King! indulge
 A title, less august indeed, but more
 Endearing; ah! how sweet in human ears!
 Father of immortality to man!
 And thou the next! yet equal! thou, by whom
 That blessing was convey'd; far more! was bought!
 Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
 Were made; and one redeem'd! Multitudinous light
 From light illustrious! thou, whose regal power,
 On more than adamantin basis fix'd
 O'er more, far more, than diadems, and thrones
 Inviolably reigns; beneath whose foot
 And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
 All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
 Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
 Thro' the short channels of expiring time,
 Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
 In absolute subjection; and, O thou

The glorious third! distinct, not separate!
 Beaming from both! incorporate with dust!
 By condescension, as thy glory, great;
 Inshrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,
 Divine inhabitant! the tie divine
 Of heaven with distant earth! — mysterious power!
 Reveal'd, — yet unreveal'd! darkness in light!
 Number in unity! our joy! our dread!
 Tri-une, unutterable, unconceiv'd
 Absconding, yet demonstrable, great God!
 Greater than greatest! with soft pity's eye
 From thy bright home, from that high firmament,
 Where Thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt
 Beyond archangels unassisted ken,
 Thro' radiant ranks of essences unknown;
 Thro' hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
 Round various banners of omnipotence,
 With endless change of rapturous duties shrou'd
 Thro' wondrous beings interposing swarms,
 All clustering at the call, to dwell in thee,
 Thro' this wide waste of worlds; — look down — down
 On a poor breathing particle in dust, — down
 Or, lower, — an immortal in his crimes;
 His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues;
 Those smaller faults; half-converts to the right;
 Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
 May see the sun (tho' night's descending scale
 Now weighs up morn) unply'd, and unblest
 In thy displeasure dwells eternal pain;
 ** And, since all pain is terrible to man,
 Gently, ah gently, Oyme in my bed,

My clay-cold bed! by nature now, concur!
 And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)
 My senses, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose;
 O sink this truth still deeper in my soul,
 Man's sickly soul, tho' turn'd, and toss'd for ever,
 From side to side, can rest on nought but thee,
 Here, in full trust; hereafter, in full joy.
 ** Thou God, and mortal! thence more God to man!
 Thou canst not 'scape uninjur'd from our praise,
 Uninjur'd from our praise can he escape,
 Who, disembosomed from the Father, bows
 The heaven of heavens, to kiss the distant earth!
 Breather out in agony, a sinless soul,
 Against the cross, death's iron sceptre breaks!
 Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes!
 Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,
 Deputes their suffering brothers to receive!
 Injoins it, as our duty, to rejoice!
 And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
 Takes his delights among the sons of men."

WHAT words are these?—And did they come from
 heav'n?

And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?
 What are all mysteries to love like this?
 Rich prelibation of consummate joy!

THEN, farewell night! of darkness, now, no more!
 Joy breaks, shines, triumphs; 'tis eternal day.
 Shall that which rises out of nought complain,
 Of a few evils, pay'd with endless joys?

My

My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union join
 The two supports of human happiness,
 Which some, erroneous, think can never meet; 1350
 True taste of life, and constant thought of death:
 Thy patron, he, whose diadem has drop'd
 Yon gems of heaven; eternity thy prize.
 How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth,
 The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,
 Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,
 Whose lives whole drift is to forget their graves!
 And when our present privilege is past,
 The same astonishment will seize us all.
 What then must pain us, would preserve us now; 1400
 Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise;
 That is, seize wisdom, ere she seizes thee:
 For, what, is hell? full knowledge of the truth,
 When truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe,
 And calls eternity to do her right.

Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,
 And sacred silence whispering truths divine,
 And truths divine converting pain to peace,
 My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
 And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
 Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
 Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
 Of fancy, when our hearts remain below?
 Virtue abounds in flatterers, and foes;
 Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;
 An hour, when heaven's most intimate with man;

When, like a falling star, the ray divine
 Glides swift into the bosom of the just;
 And just are all, determin'd to reclaim;
 Which sets that title high, within thy reach. 1480
 Awake, then; thy *Philander* calls, awake!
 Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps;
 When, like a taper, all these suns expire;
 When time, like him of Gaza, in his wrath,
 Plucking the pillars that support the world,
 In nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd;
 And midnight, universal midnight! reigns.

THE END OF THE NINTH NIGHT.



NOTES on NIGHT IX.

Line

- 3 *Ruminates*—Looks back upon
 8 *Languor*—Weakness, faintness.
 22 *Symphonious*—Harmoniously agreeing
 37 *Buskin*—Worn by kings and great men on the stage
 42 *Tenacious*—Holding fast
 47 *Florid*—Flowry, adorned
 48 *Mausoleums*—Stately monuments
 79 *Bust*—A statue
 153 *Voracious*—Devouring
 192 *Intrepid*—Unterrified
 216 *Clement*—Merciful
 232 *Elapsed*—Past
 253 *A drama* is, any thing acted on a stage
 284 *Dissonant*—Jarring, unharmonious
 304 *Corroborates*—Strengthens
 345 *Palliate*—Excuse.
 357 *Solaces*—Comforts, pleases
 362 *Favonian*—Soft, mild
 391 *Voluminously*—Immensely
 418 *Terrestrial*—The earth
 425 *Tour*—Journey
 427 *Delineates*—Draws out
 430 *Atmosphere*—The mass of air and vapours that surrounds the earth
 463 *Nocturnal*—Nightly
 469 *Lucid*—Bright
 489 *Reciprocal*

Line

489 *Reciprocal*—Mutual490 *Millennial love*—Such as will be in the thousand years of Christ's reign on earth499 *Our intellectual night*—The darkness of our understanding521 *A confluence*—A flowing together581 *Emanations*—Influences594 *Metaphysics* are an obtruse branch of philosophy605 *Excavated*—Hollow618 *Capitals*—Chief cities622 *Pendent*—Hanging653 *Of aquiline ascent*—Mounting like eagles664 *A phenomenon*—An appearance675 *Assimilate*—Make it like themselves683 *Respire*—Breathe701 *Effuse*—Vast702 *Oeconomist*—Manager725 *Cerulean*—Blue731 *Hieroglyphics* were a kind of mystical character, used before letters were known828 *Intervolved*—Moving one within another840 *An index*—An hand pointing the way843 *Tacit*—Silent859 *Sceptic*—An infidel906 *Innate*—Natural to it958 *Extra-mundane*—Beyond the world969 *Impregnated*—Filled, made fruitful987 *Fiat*—His creating word996 *Stupendous*—Amazing1018 *A pathos*—A power of mounting the passions1056 *Our hemisphere*—That part of the sky which is over us1061 *Regalia*—Ensigns of royal power1084 *Saturn*

NOTES ON NIGHT IX. 241

Line

- 1084 *Saturn* is the highest of the planets. It is encompassed with a bright circle, called his *ring*
- 1087 *Souls of systems*—Animating so many sets of planets.
I doubt that.
- 1095 *Alps*—Highest point
- 1102 *Untranslated*—Not yet taken out of this world
- 1185 *Culture*—Improvement
- 1200 *Agglomerated*—United together
- 1209 *Indelible*—Never to be erased
- 1213 *Miniature*—Small picture
- 1233 *Capacious*—Large
- 1264 *Excruciates*—Torments
- 1271 *Despotic*—Sovereign over itself
- 1279 *Ebon*—Black as ebony
- 1302 *Obsequies*—Funeral rites
- 1313 *Audit*—Examination at the last day
- 1328 *Lubricates*—Oils
- 1352 *Luxuriant*—Abundant
- 1354 *Multiform*—Of many shapes
- 1361 *Intuition*—Seeing things immediately and directly
as we see, two and two make four
- 1377 *Ineffable*—Unspeakable
- 1383 *Mandate*—Command
- 1390 *Incorporate*—Dwelling in our embodied spirits
- 1398 *Abscending*—Hiding thyself
- 1404 *Hierarchies*—Holy princes
- 1484 *Him of Gaza*—Samson, *Judges* xvi. 3.

F I N I S.

5. But I am sensible, it may be objected
further, The word added to explain the other,

possible, not occur, to witness, or as few as
word for a hard one: And, where one did
barely to put, as I could, a plain
my design, to be pleased, but
will be that the words are too short.
Perhaps a more sensible objection



on, between the preceding and following
necessary to preserve some tolerable connex-
ion, liable to any of these objections, than was
available in no more of what I conceived
words, than suited with my design. It is
obscure as not to be explained without more
childish, or flat, or turgid, or obscure: so
no more than I apprehended to be either
left out too little. I answer, 1. I have left out
have left out too much, by others, that I have
8. It may be objected by some, That I

3.
have
tell
no
chik
old
wor
have
hish
nec
on
has
will
Ba
my
bat
wo
no
po
fat